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MEDITATION ON A HILL.*

IT was Sunday afternoon and I had climbed a hill in search of solitude. From the base of the hill stretched a strip of oak-wood, the billowy treetops motionless in the mild September sun. Below the wood flowed a broad river, greenish-blue with bands of pale cobalt running its length. Across the river a little village looked out from the shade of generous elms, and beyond the village a countryside of variegated green, dotted with red barns, rolled away to plum-colored bluffs and to mauve-tinted clouds banked behind them. Now and again the faint cawing of crows drifted up from the valley in the rear, or an acorn dropped to the ground near at hand. A chipmunk coming to inspect scolded under his breath. The downy woodpecker busy over head tapped softly. Even that noisy fellow, the bluejay, flying back and forth bossing the whole affair, seemed to moderate his strident call to harmonize with the drowsy afternoon.

Seated on this hill it was easy to indulge oneself in a languid sense of unity in the landscape's sensible diversity. Not the oneness of the mystic, in whose ecstatic trance all distinctions vanish and he himself ceases for the time to exist; nor of the scientist, in whose intellectualized vision all qualitative differences disappear and everything is reduced to an identical matter or motion; but the oneness of the plain man, newly conscious of the kaleidoscopic stage spreading from his feet to the horizon and of the play being enacted upon it. For in the view of the plain man

* The presidential address to the Western division of the American Philosophical Association at New York, December 31, 1929.

it is not forgetfulness but heightened awareness of the teeming, interrelated world he finds before him when he is temporarily freed from absorption in everyday details that lifts him out of provincially into perspective. At such times he senses the presence of something vaster, profounder, more ultimate than he deals with in his work-a-day contacts. And as I looked from this hilltop, responsive to the quiet yet animated scene, it appeared obvious that in direct experiences of this kind man touches metaphysical bottom.

Metaphysical bottom? How easy to make big phrases! *Is* there a metaphysical bottom? Is there a type of reality which may be taken as final, either in its own substantial existence independent of anyone's experience, or relative to other existences within that experience? Men who busy themselves with such matters speak as if there were. When reckless, they tell you what it is; when timid, they posit it as the unattained goal of all searching, and indicate certain marks whereby the thinker may measure progress thither. But the thing itself, the thing the reckless declare and the timid hint at, has a way of eluding their specifications. Forever it vanishes behind a not-yet. Psychologically it is understandable why man should rim his thought with an ultimate horizon and misconstrue this as the ontological terminus of the round of things. And yet, well considered, what valid ground is there for assuming the existence of some one type of substance or energy or being below, above, in and through everything? The profoundest ocean depth does indeed rest on a bottom, even though it never has been sounded; the highest mountain rises to a peak, though no human foot has stood there; but reality, confidently scaled and sounded again and again, may very well be without bottom or summit. The "universe is wild" as Benjamin Blood once said; "game-flavored as a hawk's wing". Its stuff is rangy. Why may it not be most truly described, changing a single word, in the verse of Emily Dickinson?

As if the sea should part
And show a further sea,
And that a further, and the three
But a presumption be
Of periods of seas
Unvisited of shores,
Themselves the verge of shores to be.
<Reality> is these.

There is an advantage in thinking of this question out of doors and in the spirit of common sense. It is then more difficult to deny audience to the world in its immediate aspect. Ordinarily we snub the lusty world that challenges us every day and all day long, and welcome instead the bloodless apparition which careful training has led us to prefer. In childhood, objects were discoveries; they were graphic, vivid presences. But children are soon cured of this whimsy. They are taught to transform things into signals for action until they gradually cease to be interesting on their own account. This is called education. Growth in the ability to recognize things as signals proves to be of great practical advantage, which explains why the adult is habituated to respond automatically, or with a minimum of awareness, even to the more striking objects of his surroundings. Much time is thereby saved; and since most people believe with Edison that time is the only capital no one can afford to lose, and with the rest of their fellows that the best investment of time is in action, they are satisfied to increase the quantity of the investment without examining too carefully into the quality of the return. So it comes about that, judged in terms of appreciation, few adults live in a world of objects. They live in a world where objects are taken for granted, where people act *as if* there were objects. In the presence of a gorgeous and inexhaustible pageant, men and women are coerced by practical considerations into acting as if it were the height of intelligence not to look or listen.

If we wish to remain alive, practicalness cannot be altogether dispensed with. Nevertheless the initial step in seeking acquaintance with the world is a turning back toward an innocence unwittingly bartered away. A philosophically curious mortal will take himself to school to his physical environment. He will seek to be at home in some corner of the natural economy in living operation on the canopied pavilion of the earth. He will endeavor to cure his blindness to the wealth of color and form with which he is surrounded. He will bend himself to hear the enticing sounds inaudible in the work-a-day clatter and to sniff the news borne on the winds. Over these avenues he will make his initial excursion into philosophy. In a library the suggestion would appear heretical, if not idiotic; but in the open air nothing could seem

more orthodox or sane. And to get a sense of direction he will not begin by attempting some prominent landmark of speculation, Berkeley or Kant or Plato. Even less will he choose some practised Alpine guide to help him master the famous peaks of philosophic tradition. He will seek fellowship with men at home in lower altitudes, eager spirits sensitive to the forms and moods of Nature—Henry Thoreau, W. H. Hudson, Richard Jeffries, or others like them, neglected in every land.

But we have chosen to meditate on a hilltop; and on a hilltop it is clear that because of an eccentricity of human vision the landscape we see is a disk cut out of a larger zone. The winding river, which ends suddenly against a sloping green pasture to the north-east and at a purple-brown sandbar in the south-west, is not actually cut off at these seeming termini. Since I have tramped up stream sixteen miles to an ancient ford of the Indians, and a dozen miles in the other direction to a little city once the haven of German revolutionists, my acquaintance with the river is able to step across the boundaries now set by my eyes. And the river itself, I happen to know, does better than that. It glides majestically beyond the borders of my personal acquaintance. Far in the north it takes its rise, flows through forests of pine, slips through marshes and meadows, skirts unattractive habitations of men and, greeting us in passing, searches out the Mississippi and thence finds its way to the Gulf of Mexico.

All of which suggests a problem that reaches beyond Thoreau or Hudson or Jeffries; that reaches perhaps even to Berkeley or Kant or Plato. The little hemisphere which any man's momentary experience comprises, the spatial circle he carries about from place to place, dissolves, as he thinks of it, into a larger one, and that, if he continues to think, into a yet larger one, until his thought is adrift in a vastness that appals the mind. And the segment which confronts him, whatever it may be, is always continuous with the greater setting which it implies. Nor does knowledge only extend outward beyond the visible confines. One may return from the outward range of experience, reverse the process, fix one's gaze upon the minutest area, look with the intensity of the microscope. New realms of existence are disclosed, layer below layer, curious in texture and alive with strange creatures. For under the surface

of ordinary perception are these invisible foundations, as successive tiers of populated basements and cellars support the skyline of New York.

And when the eye of the microscope fails there remains the mind's eye. In these profounder deeps physical science at present detects the ultimates of the nature of things, minute systems of interdependent forces or particles or both (it is difficult to know which the authorities intend), each one of which, although incomparably small, is architecturally analogous to a solar system, illustrating, in its infinitesimal scale, orbital motions like those of celestial bodies. In this subatomic world physical science immerses us. We eat and drink universes. We displace universes with every breath we draw, with every step we take. Engaged in making a living, absorbed in love or hate, surrendered to the pursuit of pleasure or success, we ignore the hidden floors upon which the stage of our performance rests. But meditation entails responsibilities which action may avoid; and beginning where we may, meditation pushes on to dizzy heights, to fearful depths, to breath-taking horizons.

Does this sum up the baffling character of the document? It does not. There is an aspect of the world spread out from river to bluffs which so far has been neglected. It must be included in the survey, though it multiplies and confuses the facts, for it is this aspect of things which more than another impels men to ponder on the meaning of life.

That ugly scatter of buildings visible on the right of the village is the lumberyard of William Brown. He began with nothing and is now well-to-do. His mother was fond of telling how, as a newly born babe, he seized her breast with preternatural avidity. He has seized and gathered to himself these fifty-seven years. Yet his life is no richer for his acquisitive success.

On the left, in the house by the three spruces, lives Matthew Tuller. He presides over the general store. All his life he has mistaken honesty and good will for religion. It has kept him poor and won him the name of atheist.

Across the way, in the garden rank with salvia and goldenglow, stands the homestead of Widow Sprague, Ambassador of God in

the village. The line she draws between right and wrong is thin and hard like the line of her lips.

Molly Bryan dwells in the house with the green shutters. The Great War burned ruthlessly over her dreams, leaving their sacred ashes at her feet. She has taught her fingers to run nimbly over the keys of the typewriter to make a living; but she has not learned to write meaning into human existence.

The cottage nearest the river is the home of John Warren and his crippled mother. Nicknamed "Sissy" in his boyhood, he has never regained the confidence he lost when he dimly sensed the animus of his fellows. Six days he labors and wonders why; on the seventh, he is a man transformed. With an ancient camera-box slung over his shoulder and a big wooden tripod under his arm, he trudges the hills and fields in search of beauty. And the beauty his camera has captured, he will tell you, is as nothing when compared with the beauty he has seen but could not photograph, and this again is as nothing when compared with the beauty he has learned to dream of, but has never come upon.

The last house visible, the one of stone, belongs to Thomas Blackburn. He owns the village factory, the newspaper, and the movie-theater; he is president of the bank, the controlling voice in the school board, and the dominant influence in the church. The life of the village turns about him as a hub. Seen in action, he appears the personification of a wall-motto in his bank: "The friend that never fails you is the dollar. The larger the balance, the firmer its friendship". But his face in repose is a confession of defeat. He gathers with his wife and children under one roof, but they live in three worlds. And when he stops to reflect on his activities, he often wishes, so he has said, that he "had a hunch what the show's all about". In a reminiscent moment he wistfully remarked: "When I left Kentucky, I was an idealist; cared for books and that sort of thing. Now I am called successful, but what have I to show for it that a man cares to look at when he is alone?"

Men and women like these, scheming, striving, enduring much, laughing a little, are part of the picture inescapable from this hill. Two generations ago there was something else. A church spire rose proudly above the elms and the maples. It has been down

for a decade or two. A long threatening storm mastered its rotting timbers and the diminished congregation neglected to rebuild it. Thomas Blackburn spoke the final word: "Why add to unnecessary overhead?" So the abbreviated steeple was roofed over. Now factory-chimneys dominate the scene in its stead, and the vibrating tones of the church bell which once floated over the village are replaced by coiling banners of smoke.

Yes, men and women are part of the problem and they complicate it. For they are incurably inventive. Under their hands the world, already baffling in its natural state, becomes more baffling still. Even such humble representations as William Brown, Matthew Tuller, and the rest are impressive in virtue of the means they devise for laying siege to things they find alluring. What is the village or the village life but evidence of this? And if we lift our thought to the measure of the earth, these devices take on enormous proportions. Millions of lives become implicated in them; intricate patterns of routine occupations arise; acts and thoughts are dominated, as if of nature, by orders of things which man has called into being.

Buildings, mechanical power, institutional machinery, all contrived by human art and in that sense artificial, constitute spheres of set activity, operating objectively over against men, threatening defeat if disregarded, holding out prizes to those who obey. It is not nature alone to which man must adjust himself and which he must master as he is able; it is not only in contrast with the noble house in which he lodges for a day and a night that man seems puny and insignificant. He is dwarfed and overawed by forces which he himself has set up in the lap of nature—the world of business and commerce, systems of economic affairs, industrial, political, professional groups, and many similar planes of action and reaction. No person can escape living in these strata of experience nor free himself completely from interest in the objects and transactions, the losses and gains, native to them. He is fortunate if he is not drawn altogether within the circle of their influence; if the world of his daily occupation does not completely determine his activities, shape his mind, and command his heart.

More imperious than the means men devise are the allurements themselves. The art of living would be simpler than it is if men

and women had to reckon only with physical nature and institutional machinery. But they have to reckon with more. The supreme fact in a biography is inner, not outer. It is the story of how the forces of desire channel their way through the natural and social environment and thus set the current of life. William Brown in his lumbar yard is at the mercy of an impulse that drives him as he drives his team. Matthew Tuller fights bravely to preserve what he calls "spiritual integrity", a thing he values above reputation or money. Widow Sprague, defeated in an elemental hunger, is ruled by a passion similarly to starve mankind. Molly Bryan labors to placate ghosts, ghosts of yesterday and of tomorrow. John Warren lives in his yearning for beauty. Thomas Blackburn hungers for power. So in all the hamlets and towns and cities of the world men and women are compelled to make terms with feelings. We speak of *mere* emotions, as if feelings were phantoms; as if one had only to snap one's fingers and say the word to see them vanish into air. Life is more honest than speech. It acknowledges them to be stubborn powers, powers which play the title-rôle in every human drama. Although the very core and center of subjective being, they may prove to be as resistless as the most powerful external force, lifting a man to unspeakable glory or hurling him to nameless disgrace. Some men they fashion into saints, some into criminals, and the great mass they persuade to plod faithfully through an existence which forever promises and never fulfills. Life knows feelings to be the allies of destiny.

Contemplating men and women as they thread their way through this maze of forces, who is not moved to admiration and to misgiving? In dealing with tasks immediately in hand few people are downright failures and the more gifted achieve colossal results. Men have no reason to be ashamed of their ability to visualize nearer goals, or of their effectiveness in overcoming obstacles that lie directly in the way. We may well be proud of human accomplishments in science, technology, art, business, and in the instruments of law and government. The individual must be soulless whose speech does not become lyrical, whose emotions do not break through the bonds of intellectual propriety in the face of things done by man—the great cities he builds and operates, the

long furrow he turns unfailing as a god, the machines he sets in motion over the land, the ships he makes to ride the seas. As an exploiter of nature and creator of all that this requires, man has shown himself to be bold, resourceful, tireless.

But that is the hopeful aspect. There is another. The more a thoughtful observer is inspired by the magnitude of these achievements, the more poignant may be his apprehension as he contemplates the total scene. If he asks in what general program of life specific activities have their place, or what great human end is to be served by the feverish activity everywhere conspicuous, the answer is silence. There is no general program. There is no awareness of a great end. Men have no sense of life taken comprehensively. A certain blindness of intention beclouds even the production of magnificent details. The great maps of life are gone, as the life is gone which they charted, and the interests which now engage mankind have not flowered in vision. At the entrance to the village across the river, at our great ports of entry east and west, we should set up a sign, were we to tell the truth, with this message upon it—unless we should paint it on a giant dirigible as a world-advertisement: "*Wanted! A Philosophy of Life.*"

So we are led to think of philosophers. How are they responding to this need for a philosophy of life? Let us see:

"It seems to me", says a leading contemporary philosopher in a typically professional manner, "it seems to me that I am now sitting in a chair, at a table of a certain shape, on which I see sheets of paper with writing or print. By turning my head I see out of window buildings and clouds and the sun. I believe that, if any other normal person comes into my room, he will see the same chairs and tables and books and papers as I see, and that the table which I see is the same as the table which I feel pressing against my arm." He proceeds to show that this is an error, to be corrected by philosophical reflection. We cannot call any particular color *the* color of the table, since it is of different colors from different points of view and under different illuminations. In the dark it is quite without color. For a similar reason we cannot call any particular shape *the* shape, nor any quality whatever *the* quality of the table.

So it transpires that what we have before us when we speak of a table, is not a table at all, but a complex of "sense-data". And lest the reader fall into a second error, he is cautioned against thinking that "the table is the sense-data, or even that the sense-data are directly properties of the table". The plain truth is, argues this philosopher, that we do not see or hear or touch reality at all, only *appearances*. These appearances may indeed be signs of some reality behind them, but there is nothing on the face of an appearance to bear witness to a reality which it reports, or even to suggest that it reports any. "Thus our familiar table", he nonchalantly concludes, "which has roused but the slightest thoughts in us hitherto, has become a problem full of surprising possibilities. The one thing we know about it is that it is not what it seems."

There was once a maiden of similar mind, though, not being a philosopher, her scepticism was half-hearted. She was content to sing:

Things are seldom what they seem!
Skim milk masquerades as cream;
Highlows pass as patent leathers;
Jackdaws strut in peacock's feathers.
Very true,
So they do.

For that matter even our philosopher's view permits of development. The disintegrating analysis which he applies to the table is of course applicable all around. The buildings, clouds, and sun visible through his study window are subject to the same disintegration, and so is the chair in which he sits. But if the chair goes, so, alas, does the philosopher, since even a philosopher must find it impossible to remain undisturbed when his chair is stolen from under him. This implication of the argument is particularly unfortunate. For when the philosopher himself has suffered the indignity of becoming mere sense-data, he is no longer able to degrade other things to this lowly status. There must be something besides sense-data or sense-data themselves cease to be. And on the hypothesis that the maltreatment of the table is justified, it is difficult to see whence this something may be fetched. One is reminded of Eugene Field's calico cat and gingham pup, who ate each other up. And making so bold as to be frank, one

would say that the whole contention goes up in smoke—that is, if smoke could only be saved from the universal dissolution.

Obviously these casual thoughts are not a respectable critique of a philosophic position. Nor do they aspire to be. They merely aim at intimating why the theory is of no help to those who are in doubt about a philosophy of life. A man lost in the woods is not aided to find his way out by being persuaded that the bewildering trunks which surround him are mere appearances, not real objects at all. Everyday people who accept this philosophy commonly show a smiling indifference to social problems, to the conditions under which men live, and to the views, other than metaphysical, which they hold, no matter how tragic may be the results to which they lead. And their indifference is all the more serious because it is assumed to be based upon profound insight. Enjoying, as they think, the right relation to reality, why should they bother about appearances? An individual here or there may give evidence of interests not to be expected, but this only shows that in his metaphysics, as in his religion or his politics, a man may be better than his doctrine. Besides, exception is always made of *some* appearances, those so dear to the heart of the theorizer that he cannot bring himself to deny their reality. But this does not change the fact that, taking the attitude in general, and in the light of the problem to be met, its contribution is without potency. As a creed it gives rare pleasure to minds that enjoy concentration on intellectual puzzles, and it provides that atmosphere of the mysterious and spectral which many persons crave. Moreover, it opens an alluring prospect of escape for those who feel a strong antipathy against engaging life directly. In these and other ways it may justify itself. But for that very reason—because it justifies itself to these moods—it promises no help toward the desired cultural synthesis. It is at best irrelevant.

Facing a colorful landscape from a hill, watching the play of light upon it and the movement of life within it, is perhaps an unfavorable lookout from which to appraise a philosophy that transforms the experienced cosmos into a stupendous fairy-tale. In any case, philosophy is not limited to this form. Quite as notorious as the philosopher's reduction of the world to myth, is his insatiable yearning for complete comprehensiveness of knowledge.

"There is in all men", Justice Holmes has said, "a demand for the superlative, so much so that the poor devil who has no other way of reaching it attains it by getting drunk." This demand, he thinks, is at the bottom of the philosopher's quest for absoluteness. He is right; and many are the cases of inebriation—no less inebriate because refined—which this thirst has resulted in. It seems obvious to many philosophers that any partial view must, by the very fact of its fragmentariness, distort, rather than report, reality. The august term, reality, may be employed in strictness, so they hold, only when we have envisaged the all-inclusive whole of things. Individual objects may by courtesy be referred to as real, but in any exact meaning the term must be reserved for the all-embracing substance or being from which larger or smaller fragments borrow an adventitious existence. Anything falling short of this absolute totality must be regarded as mythical, and thus as in direct contrast to the real. Ever since Plato published his now famous definition, if not before, the philosopher has been ambitious to be "a spectator of all time and all existence". He has wanted, with Spinoza, to contemplate the finite under the aspect of the infinite. Even thinkers of lesser magnitude, whom George Santayana refers to as "those little gnostics", have desired to become what he ironically calls them, "circumnavigators of being".

Do they accomplish the undertaking? That is scarcely to be expected. No philosopher's eye has yet covered what William James termed "the whole paradoxical physico-moral-spiritual Fatness". To this year of our Lord, and notwithstanding heroic attempts, the world of multiple fact floats majestically beyond the most comprehensive projections. Is this surprising? How can it be? If each sailor is buried in the vast expanse when he has made but a brave beginning in his voyage of exploration, who can demand that his log shall lay bare the mystery of the sea? But the curious fact is not this failure to achieve completeness of knowledge, but the way in which the method employed by these philosophers belies their avowed intention. All-inclusive philosophical systems are not striking in virtue of how much they include, but in virtue of how much they leave out. The difference between them and other selective schemes consists in the nature of what is retained and rejected, and in the purpose that dominates the

choices. People who come to these systems for light or encouragement are not surprised by the richness and solidity of what they are offered, but by its meagerness and unsubstantiality. Almost all that is nutritious, exciting, important, or inescapable in life is found to be missing or has suffered a metaphysical change into a pale ghost of its empirical self; while all that is put forward as supremely real is thus honored because it has come to be inseparably associated with a highly specialized way of regarding things, a way foreign to a normal frame of mind. The truth is that no thinker, regardless of what his powers or his problem may be, is able to transcend the necessity of disregarding as irrelevant many data which another thinker, directed by a different purpose, might find precisely most relevant for the solution of his problem.

But assume a man to have accomplished the impossible feat of observing from no particular station; suppose him no longer dependent upon specific organs of knowledge, and free from the bias of time and place; would he then be qualified to give a true report of reality? It is tempting to believe that he would be, and in the highest degree. Tennyson, not of the profession, but a philosopher in his way and speaking in the philosophic manner, is believed to have proved the case very neatly in the poem known to everyone. If he could understand the flower in the crannied wall, so he taught, root and all, and all in all, he would understand man and God and everything!

Would he indeed? Or would he know nothing whatsoever? Cusanus, sailing in the *Ægean* five centuries ago, asked himself this question and answered it in a way that still holds good. Man only knows when he does not know everything. A flower known "root and all, and all in all", in a manner involving everything else, would cease to be a flower. All other things too—crannied wall, man, God—would dissolve into one another, would surrender the identity and distinctness necessary to make them objects of knowledge, and knowing would cease. States of feeling in which the boundaries essential to knowing disappear take knowledge with them. What remains in that case, if anything remains, is the mystical trance. Such states of feeling, clear of all content, may indeed leave behind them an incontrovertible sense of contact with the profoundest reality which, as a rapturous experience, may

be forever desired, once its savor has been tasted. But this does not prove that such an experience delivers knowledge, to say nothing of knowledge of the whole of reality.

Now the plain man is interested in knowledge of reality. He wants to feel solid ground under his feet. The material with which he is permitted to deal is however always very limited. If this fact deprives it of reality he can hardly make sense of things. So he is apt to feel, somewhat vaguely, but quite rightly, that reality is a liberal term, in which some corner must be found for everything that enters into human life and into which human life enters as he experiences it to do. Otherwise how is he to account for the objects of his limited experience and the worlds to which they belong? They occur. They confront him. How explain them? How deal with them? Some people are not perturbed so long as their words hold out. In this instance they load the difficulty on such phrases as 'mental fragment', 'partial aspect', 'point of view'. If a man is not too critical these phrases will suffice; but if he is not easily satisfied they will appear superficial both theoretically and practically. For without some relation to reality a thing could not even appear, that is, be a fragment or an aspect. A point of view must have a status of some sort in reality or have no existence at all. If unreal itself, how can it be used as a principle of explanation? If real as a viewpoint, the point viewed must be real as well. And, as a matter of practical experience, objects do not accommodatingly disappear or lose their objective power because a label reads them out of existence. It does men and women an ill-service to increase their *claims* to knowledge at the expense of *actual* knowledge, however little that be, and thus to confuse those powers of criticism upon which trustworthy knowledge ultimately depends.

Whether this argument is good or not as applied to professional philosophers, it has force as applied to the non-professional search for philosophy. People involved in questions of specific endeavor, and desiring the enlightenment of seeing them in the setting of larger aims, do not find it feasible to extend their survey to universality. Nor does partial ignorance necessarily make knowledge fallacious. Lawyers, doctors, engineers, mechanics, farmers, laborers, investigators, in a word, all men and women who have work

or thinking to do, must learn to select from the wealth of material they might attend to those items which promise to make their purpose effective. Effectiveness may be conceived in a narrow or in a broad spirit, but limiting the field in some way, in order to be effective, is unavoidable. What reason can be given why a method of procedure which would lead a man to failure in love or business, which would fail him as a guide to his own doorstep and cause him to starve in presence of a bountiful table, what reason is there why such a method should prove fruitful in the search for meaning and purpose in living? There is no such reason. The test of genius in the art of living is the ability to make a wise selection of relevant facts and issues and to deal with these. Nothing that dodges or minimizes this responsibility, however great its pretension or grand its name, is a worthy substitute for the insight and wisdom demanded in a philosophy applicable to practical life. And the general disregard of this fact, namely, that even a philosophy of life must be based upon partial knowledge, is one reason why philosophy has often been found, and by very intelligent people, to be triviality made ponderous.

Is the conclusion then that mankind should surrender the attempt to capture the meaning of things as a whole in a single ingenious scheme of ideas? That would be a rash deduction. Gifted men and women would be denied a deep and most lasting kind of satisfaction, and intellectual labor would lose in picturesqueness and spirit. The valid conclusion is rather that lives of excellence are not dependent upon success in this venture. The two ideals have no necessary connection. Or, putting the case more exactly, the philosophy which aims at universality of knowledge is of no help to men in the quest for a theory of the good life. The good life demands that things be done and things avoided, and the universality-schemes shed no light on the problem of happy choices as forced upon people in the concrete. There is no reason why those who aim at a vision of the universe "not piecemeal but *in toto*" should be denied the rare satisfaction which the exercise evidently brings; but only tragedy can result from the attempt to apply the abstract formulas of life which issue from such philosophizing. The happiness men seek is particular, not universal; temporal, not timeless; and it is conditioned by personal and social

circumstances which can only be modified to advantage if attended to. Not attending to them has its own rewards, and some thinkers crave these rewards above all others; but when philosophy is so conceived as to make detachment from these circumstances its very essence it naturally has little relation to the needs it disregards.

The theme has wandered far from the hilltop; but in the open we are not permitted to remain long unconscious of the wide-spreading earth. A moment ago the evening mail-plane came into view above the skyline. With incredible speed it moved across the valley and droned its way to silence. How strangely beautiful the countryside must appear from the air in the light of the setting sun! There can be few people who would not wish to see the world spread out like a great map below them. This wish fulfilled, does a man then regard the simplified picture he sees as the truest revelation of the landscape? Does he forget that much is no longer visible which nevertheless exists for those on their feet? How could he and remain himself? Deep interests are bound up with seeing things from the ground. What happens is very different. The aspects of things as seen from the air and as seen from the ground interpenetrate and enrich each other. The world gets the quality of both aspects, each experienceable under appropriate conditions.

Philosophers, however, characteristically adopt another method. This is a third way in which they fail the common man. Having seen from the air, the philosopher swears that heretofore he was blind, and that he will not be blind hereafter. Between flights he treasures the memory of what he saw, and so, flying and remembering, he labors to master the pattern of the vision aloft. At present this is the pattern of mathematical physics; philosophers are mastering this specialized subject as best they may. In mathematical physics the objects of the everyday world lose their distinguishing characteristics and the tragedy and comedy of human lives disappear. The philosopher who turns in this direction seeks truth in a system of abstract entities created with the hope of representing the qualities of immediate reality in their essential character. Nor can there be any doubt that the new objects of contemplation thus attained, and the rigorous discipline which

this mathematical approach calls for, have renewed the vitality of thought. An air of interest and excitement not always associated with philosophy is evident there; a new zeal, a new sense of workmanship has been communicated all along the line. Who can predict what epoch-making intellectual achievements are in store as the human mind concentrates on the construction of a universe as a free design responsible only to pure mathematical intuition, and as philosophers relay this lofty vision to logical, moral, æsthetic and religious fields?

Yet the view from the ground remains, and remains imperative. If it is important that man exercise his powers of abstract thinking, it is no less important that he make more of his ability to solve problems in the concrete. And for this nothing could be worse than reliance upon a method that is inapplicable. A mode of thinking which may prove to be highly successful in dealing with problems of space and time, or make possible the intellectual mastery of complex questions by the symbolic representation of reality in simple unit structures or unit processes interchangeable with each other, is not adapted for dealing with creatures whose most ineradicable characteristic is their uniqueness, their non-interchangeability. Since it is individual men having essential characteristics peculiar to themselves who are in need of a program of life, there is little to be awaited from the present flair for mathematical physics among philosophers. The worlds concerned are distinct. Mathematical concepts and principles are important, and true in their kind, but they fail to report the full, warm content of experience. Quoting F. H. Bradley, though at the risk of a frown from his shade, we may say: "They no more *make* that whole which commands our devotion, than some shredded dissection of human tatters *is* that warm and breathing beauty of flesh which our hearts found delightful".

So the upshot of the matter seems clear. Philosophers are prone to look upon the world of daily experience as a dim vestibule to bright halls of true being. To these they press forward. As they proceed their interests become technical and abstract, and urgent human needs are forgotten. But for people generally the primary world remains the one discovered in childhood and explored in youth; the world in which men plow and dig and build,

in which winds blow, rains fall, and seasons revolve. From this spectacle under sun, moon, and stars all knowing gets its raw material, and thither all knowers sooner or later return to try their conclusions. Early men lived in this world solely, and it remains the experiential substratum for those who call themselves civilized. Impressions received there, settling into the depth of the psyche, form the leaf-mould out of which ideas sprout and by which they are nourished. It is thence, as Emerson said, that the originals of language are drawn, and first lessons in relating thinking to fact. Taking hold upon it with muscle and with brain man has built other worlds or laid them bare. All these are rearrangements, extensions, or refinements of the originally given; marvelous achievements, never to be too greatly admired in their proper character. But they no more annul the source out of which they developed than the birth of a child proves the non-existence of the mother. In this primary world men willy nilly must live out their lives. And it is precisely there that they cannot get along without those "far-flashing beams of light", using William James's words, which philosophy may send "over the world's perspectives".

They cannot, that is, unless they must. If they must, they can and will. For the ultimate prestige belongs to life, not to philosophy. Men will continue to live, whatever philosophers interest themselves in. The philosopher, it is true, belongs to the brotherhood of scholars. He requires the measure of detachment essential to scholarship. But detachment need not mean segregation from the effort to make the common everyday life meaningful and joyous; and scholarship need not mean exclusive interest in concepts which by their very nature fail to win a response from hearts in need, or technical expertness which is powerless to clarify minds in confusion. Although philosophic scholarship may have merit when defined in this way, may have great merit as sheer intellectual discipline, it leaves undone one task which is imperative. If philosophy is too proud or too impotent to assume its share of this task, so that the direction of life falls ever more completely to the leaders whose heavy tread Spengler hears resounding throughout the West, it will matter very little what degree of dignity is

accorded to philosophy. And how much does it matter whether electrons are demonstrated to be free, if Sacco and Vanzetti move inevitably to death and prison doors remain shut upon Mooney and Billings? What is gained by achieving a view of reality in which all is harmony and beauty, if men remain doomed to life on earth in ugliness, insecurity, and strife? Is it really out of character for a philosopher to own the credo of Debs: "While there is a lower class, I am in it; while there is a soul in prison, I am not free"? Is the greed of a thinker for finality of such intrinsic worth that its bearing on the struggles of mankind is irrelevant? Possibly. And if Nero actually fiddled while Rome burned, possibly he was sufficiently justified providing his technique was flawless and the music noble.

Whatever we conclude, the fact is that people in large numbers, young and old, are today turning to philosophy in search of something they feel a deep need of. The weakened authority of custom, the spiritual bewilderment prevailing in the general mind, the hope persisting through disillusion, and never more lively in human hearts, that life be somehow shown to have real meaning in spite of superficial appearances to the contrary—all this should prove to be exactly the soil in which philosophy takes root. Does it, or does it not, possess germinating power? Will acquaintance with philosophy be of use to those who seek new forms of inspiration and guidance for the new day in which they are involved? The response which philosophers return to this challenge, in the present and coming generation, will be of moment for mankind, and may turn out to have been crucial for philosophy.

How inevitably these considerations lead to William James! For it was he who inaugurated the contemporary movement which would transform philosophy from a tangential influence into a powerful social solvent. It was his aim to do this by making philosophy a *sense of direction* in the midst of life, rather than a *sense of having arrived* in a realm beyond life. The issues made controversial by him were the projection into philosophy of problems actually encountered by men in the venture of living. A reader of James is at once aware that it is the flesh and blood of things, not their skin and bones merely, which comes to expression in his writings. And no fact could be more eloquent than the

reception accorded this change of emphasis. Intelligent laymen in all walks of life responded with enthusiasm, but in philosophical circles a disposition was evident from the beginning to minimize James's significance as a philosopher. At present we read that he was not an original; he was a reporter, a popularizer, a romantic distorter of the contribution to the history of thought made by Charles S. Peirce, from whom he got his basic idea, as well as his initial philosophical impulse. We shall hear more of this, before we hear less. It is a fallacy. Without in the least detracting from the significance of Peirce, or disregarding the influences, here and abroad, which stimulated James's suggestible mind, one may insist bluntly and flatly that the qualities which made his method and outlook extraordinary were qualities derived from his own genius.

The contribution made by James needs to be insisted upon not so much in behalf of his reputation, which will take care of itself, as in the interest of mankind, whom his philosophic innovation deeply concerns. The lesson which he taught—a lesson difficult to learn and easy to forget—was that philosophy is not solely, nor even primarily, a set of views. Had he offered no more than another schematic picture of the cosmos and another all-inclusive formula of life, we might, as L. P. Jacks suggests, regard the situation with equanimity. "But", as Mr. Jacks goes on to say, "the change demanded by William James and his sympathizers is much more vitally near to us than any fresh formulation of the secret of the universe. It amounts to the introduction of a new temper into the whole business of speculative thought, and indirectly into the whole business of practical life. It strikes a new key-note for human experience as a whole." James turned *towards* men and their needs. He *trusted* their temperaments and desires. He taught that where men *struggled*, and failed or triumphed, was exactly where they touched reality most immediately. Because he taught this, nay, was this, his figure rises before us in this day of cultural searching.

As we look from the vantage-point of a hilltop, far enough removed, yet not too far, from the physical, economic, and emotional realities of the quest for the good life, it is singularly evident that, if not along the very route James took, yet unmistakably in the direction he travelled, lies the kingdom of philosophy's fulfilment.

And the prospect is the more hopeful for the fact that, when the whole intellectual and social climate changed, making the problem of spiritual orientation more vast, complex, and urgent than it was in James's time, the philosopher grew to power whose distinguished leadership we are still privileged to enjoy. How did John Dewey become the liberalizing force he is acknowledged to be? Can there be any doubt about the answer? Heeding his own admonition he changed philosophy from "a device for dealing with problems of philosophy" into "a method, cultivated by philosophers, for dealing with the problems of men". Critics will have their say. The years will outsay them. The tendency in which James and Dewey invested their lives belongs to the great creative heritage of mankind. It will be reckoned with until men stop seeking for meaning in human existence because their hearts no longer beat.

Pioneers do not consciously entertain all the implications of their daring. Among the essential baggage they carry on the march is a store of memories and attachments which, when they finally settle down in some remote frontier, is drawn upon to soften the sense of crudity in the new surroundings and to give to the chosen abiding place the atmosphere of home. Those who inherit this frontier, and in whom the spirit of the pioneers lives on, are lured by the horizon which lies farther along the trail. It is a momentous venture to turn from philosophy in the sense of intellectual mastery of ultimate reality and to find it a method for achieving a comprehensive and dependable theory for concrete living. One may, however, depart from the orthodox conception of philosophy and continue in intimate contact with tradition by retaining for the philosopher the function of supplying men with the authentic statement of this theory. And this is to stop short of a more radical step. As the advance of the right foot calls for the advance of the left, so the surrender of the claim to supreme knowledge of reality deprives philosophers of their unique status as knowers. They are put on a par with other thinkers, happy if they may share equally with them in the project of unraveling the conditions of a progressively satisfying life for the children of men. No one any longer doubts that the data for such a project, realistically conceived, can only be collected by investigators at home in the various fields. The task of the social philosopher is admitted

to be not that of gathering data, but that of extracting from these such essential knowledge as they may hold. It must further be recognized that under present conditions social idealism is not only dependent upon the joint labors of special investigators for material facts, but upon their active coöperation for the unification of these facts into a meaningful pattern. Which is another way of saying that the philosopher, instead of being required to work in superior isolation from other thinkers, to fashion a scheme of life which men must bear from him and apply as best they can, is expected to be literally a co-laborer with those whose contributions are relevant to the task, so that together they may devise a philosophy not of contemplation, but of practice. To follow this direction without the sacrifice of severe standards of workmanship or interests peculiarly philosophical is not a simple problem, yet it is the problem which in one way and another is encountered everywhere in modern society, of somehow realizing the fullest measure of individual potentiality under conditions which demand that separate entities exist together in larger wholes. It need not be unfortunate, for either philosophy or life, if the philosopher experience in his own person the profoundest social dilemma which men and women are called upon to meet and in the solution of which they seek his aid.

But the sun has set and we must make an end. Soon the countryside will lie in darkness. Great Orion will mount the sky and look indifferently down on a world folded in sleep, a sleep prophetic of the day when life on the planet shall have ended. In the face of this destiny, strivings of the heart and speculations of the mind shrink into proportion. Yet, however petty human hungers, joys, and pains may appear measured against the cosmos, they are of final importance to man. In what other terms shall he estimate the value of what he labors to gain? Then let the cosmos play the last card and win. Meantime daylight still lingers on the path to the valley and comradeship waits in the village.

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ON A POSSIBLE SCIENCE OF RELIGION¹

TO many a thoughtful man of this day, the only science worthy to be called a science of religion is one better called a psychology of religious expression. To some of us, however, the possibility remains open that our fathers undertook no meaningless task in attempting to establish by science the truth of certain religious propositions: the proposition *God is*, together with its practical implications. On the meaning to be given this proposition, *God is*, on the evidence available for its testing, this discourse would offer its brief reflexions. Its argument must be most wrong in its conclusion, if mistaken in the assumption that lets it begin; namely, that though the thought of the ages can have robbed the topic of religion of none of its historic dignity, reflexion must have relieved it of some of its historic obscurity.

First then as to the meaning of *God*. An intelligible definition of the term *God* may be developed out of a certain use and custom of common speech. Thus it is common to say of one whose life seems ordered all to one end, that he has made this end his god, or has made a god of this end: so does one make a god of his belly, another of his gold, another of his science or his art. In this manner of expressing itself, the vulgar tongue is in no wise irreverent; it merely assumes that the sentence of a certain most saintly man is meant to be convertible: "My son", says the God of Thomas à Kempis, "I ought to be thy supreme and ultimate end." If for this devout soul the true god is that which ought to be one's supreme and ultimate end, in what does the vulgar meaning differ from the saintly when in whatever end

¹ The presidential address to the Eastern Division of The American Philosophical Association at Charlottesville, Virginia, December 29, 1930.

a man has accepted as supreme and ultimate for him it recognizes his God?

Starting then from the common understanding that a man's *God* is whatever end that man has accepted as the supreme end of his living, it would seem meaningful to ask whether the man in question *ought* to have accepted such an end to live for. If the question can be answered for one, it can be answered for all; and when so answered we should have come to know whether of true gods there is one, or none, or a many. Yet no sooner is this problem stated, than we realize what must discourage all but the most patient from further consideration of a science of religion. For if there is to be a science of religion, the reason adduced by any who would prove that a given end ought to be supreme, whether for all men or only for himself alone, must be such evidence as a science could accept. But since the days of Kant, the thought has taken hold on us that of all the forms of proposition in which an *ought* can appear, there is but one whose truth can be tested by methods known to science. That form is hypothetical in structure. 'If you would bisect the line AB, you *ought* to proceed as demonstrated in Euclid, I, 10.' And as in this, so in all other cases; the means one ought to take to attain a given end are demonstrable by science of the purest. But what if (as so many are persuaded) the converse is equally true; what if the only *ought* whose rigor is demonstrable by science alone is the *ought* prescribing means to an end, an end not itself to be examined? If this be sound doctrine, if science can never show more than what means ought to be taken, it should never be asked to show what ends ought to be aimed at. Yet this and no other showing is what must be demanded of a science of religion; namely, a proof that some one and no other end ought to be made one's own. Is it not then in all logic meaningless to contemplate a science of religion?

Something of this difficulty may have been felt by à Kempis himself, for never that I can recall does he recommend his God as the end one ought to make one's own, without following the *ought* with an *if*. "My son, I ought to be thy supreme and ultimate end, *if* thou desire to be truly blessed." Or again, "Thou wilt rejoice in me alone, in me alone wilt thou hope *if* thou rightly

judge." But no sooner has the logician in us grasped the import of these and similar sayings, than he wonders whether this God of à Kempis is after all recommended as an end one ought to make one's own, or as the means one ought to take to an end already one's own, namely, the end of one's own best being.

However, that would be an ill-conditioned soul who insisted on pursuing with logical quibbles the earnest expressions of a mystic; to the mystic it may well seem all one whether he say *God is my end* or *Blessedness is my end*; for him God and blessedness are one. But if this make the mystic as consistent as a poet need be, it makes it all the clearer that this poet, should he turn preacher, could have nothing but his art to depend on to win the world to his God. There is no way in which one who does not want this God, or his city, or his heaven, can be convinced that he ought to want any of these ends. The poet-preacher must depend for his persuasion on the sheer attractiveness to man of the picture he draws of man's estate in God his kingdom; he cannot show that man ought to, he can only hope that men will, want to reach such a kingdom as his art portrays. If they do, he is prepared to point them the way. That there is such a kingdom, that the way he points is the way to it—these matters he leaves to the evidence of tradition, of traditions into whose authority he, as preacher, does not stop to examine.

Many have felt the lack of science in a religion making its appeal in this way; but most of these have conceived their religion's lack of science to lie in the slackness of its search for such empirical evidence as might support its tradition. This evidence, then, they have tried to supply from a survey of history, or of nature. With such efforts to found an empirical science of religion, natural or revealed, we need not here concern ourselves; for our deeper interest lies with an entirely different complaint of the preacher's want of science; and, namely, this. Suppose after having spent all his poetry, all his art, in painting such a picture of the heavenly state as must, he feels, make all who contemplate its blessedness long to reach its abode, the preacher shall find one here one there, as it might be you or me, who having earnestly gazed on the prospect offered turns away unimpressed. 'If', say these recalcitrant souls, 'if such is the

kingdom of heaven, heaven forbid I should enter there.' How shall the preacher prove to such as these that though they do not yet they ought to want the heaven he has prepared for them? In the feeling there could be no science apt to demonstrate this *ought* lies the deeper despair of those who despair of any science of religion. No, for the apostle of a given heaven the one hope of winning the world to it must lie in his hope of making the world want the kind of heaven he offers it. But in this world we live in, have none turned in repulsion from all historic visions of heaven, though the greatest of poets have had the telling of them? And though it may be a rather leisurely way of proceeding, it may not be without profit for one who would construct a heaven of science to consider in what the heaven of art has sometimes failed of attraction. For should anything to be thought on in the way of a scientific heaven turn out to be strangely wanting in attributes the artistic heaven has been blessed with, it will be well before refusing our hearts to that strange heaven of science to recall how many of the qualities it lacks have sometimes been considered no blessings.

I

Perhaps anyone preaching the heaven of the saints would put first among its qualities of appeal the quality of being attainable. It is a place that can be reached and that presently; only by thought on his nearness to rest can the pilgrim be sustained in his difficult way thither.

I am he, wait thou for me (saith the Lord) until the kingdom of God shall come. Thou art still to be tried upon earth, and to be exercised in many things.

But consider, my son, the fruit of these labours, the end near at hand, and the reward exceeding great, and thou wilt not grudge to bear them; rather wilt thou have the strongest comfort in thy patience.

That is it, is it not? The end near at hand; or rather not the end, not the end of all things but only of things grievous; an end that is but the beginning of that "most clear day of eternity, which night obscureth not, but the highest truth ever enlighteneth!" How should not we pilgrims of the night call to that day to come and come quickly? How should we not be always crying to it, "O day, day ever joyful, ever secure, and never changing into a contrary state! Oh that that day would once appear, and that all these temporal things were at an end!"

But if the early and the middle ages could in no other terms than these make a heaven appeal to those of their age, there came to be in later times a mentality ripened in reflexion, to whom the one quality in saintly heavens to make them least desirable, was their quality of being reachable. They are reached, and then what? "Peace", says the saint. But it is exactly this prospect of eternal peace that troubles a matured age. "What peace", it says,—

What peace could ever be to me
The joy that strives with strife?

Its more restless poetry "envies not the dead that rest": its sadder philosophy is amused at the older devices for furnishing heaven. "After man had transferred all pain and torments to hell", reflects its great pessimist, "there was left him nothing but ennui to furnish heaven with." Deepest of all is the systematic reflexion of its master-critic, from whose emancipating genius all modern theology derives. For it is Kant who first perceives the divine to be all too human, if it be not for us humans *eine reine Idee*. This thought the great post-Kantian idealisms preserve, and the religious philosophies of our day, and not least those of our country, continue and develop.

But the more we moderns are agreed on what our heaven must *not* be, the more important that we consider whether what is left us in the way of possibilities includes any comparable with the heavens of the past. We will have none of their ancient idols, to be sure; but to reject history one must first refute it, and to refute one must first recall. Have our modern builders of unreachable goals sufficiently recalled how that the ancients, more subtle than Dante in devising pastimes for the damned, were rather fond of providing as one such *Zeitvertrieb* the endless pursuit of a something endlessly eluding? There were the Danaides, for instance, who for a something too robust in their manner of treating husbands, were condemned to the task of filling a cask from whose leaks, one remembers, all waters poured out as fast as ever poured in. No one, ancient, medieval, or modern, would call these ladies' prospect heavenly, though to be sure their future was well guaranteed against any danger of stagnation.

From which it may plainly be gathered that, though heavens be

all unattainable, yet not all unattainables are heavens. And I suppose a modern, if asked what in the Danaides' fate prevented them from having cheer of their inexhaustible employment, would be led to impose certain conditions on unattainables fit to be heavens. The modern has indeed generally distinguished unattainables into two very unlike classes; into such as were somewhat approachable, and such as were decidedly not; and he has refused to see anything ideal in an objective not only beyond reach, but also beyond approach. Neither for the Danaides of old nor for the humanity of today is there misery in a failure to attain; though there is hell enough for both and for all men to come in any persistent failure to advance.

But one may still wonder. The Danaides, to be sure, made no progress, and that was sad. But even had they been allowed to recede somewhat from beginnings, to approach somewhat an end, one may wonder whether they would have been gayer; whether a sheer enthusiasm for getting on, for not standing still, would have made their fate more engaging. The Greek gods evidently were not of that opinion, for when they wanted to damn a fellow for really serious offences, they improved on this torture of widows who had merely murdered their husbands: they reserved their best for such as had offended the gods. Now the punishment of the Danaides was well thought on; one *would* find it unpleasant to labor on in the certainty that no morrow of all time's morrows could bring him a step nearer than all its yesterdays to the completion of his toil. But of how much finer agony were the things reserved for Tantalus, for Sisyphus! Tantalus could bring his burning lips almost to touch the waters, his trembling hands almost to pluck fair fruits; Sisyphus could bring his boulder almost to rest on the summit, where he too might have rested. Who cannot see the pair of them from here, just as they appeared to ancient eyes?

Optat quietem Pelopis infidi pater,

Egens benignæ Tantalus semper dapis;

.

Optat supremo conlocare Sisyphus

In monte saxum: sed vetant leges Jovis.

So Canidia saw this twain, and seeing them so, not even she, a

witch, could think of anything nicer to inflict on her offending poet:

Ingrata misero vita ducenda est in hoc,
Novis ut usque suppetas laboribus.²

Now here is a strange state of affairs. This unattainability that your modern would make a condition of any decent heaven is none other than the quality antiquity took to be of hell its essence; any touch of approachability, with which unattainable heavens might be made more heavenly, is antiquity's very trick for making hells more hellish. It is true that modern technique has at its disposal a device for further distinguishing types of unattainables: a mathematical device which the Greek gods could not have thought on till Euclid taught it men. For even among goals which though unreachable are yet in some manner approachable there is room for a distinction that may make all the difference between a heavenly progress and a tantalizing torment. For even to unattainable ends there is a manner of approach to which not Jove and all his laws can say, "so far, and no farther". It is the manner in which, for example, a series of rational values may approach the irrational $\sqrt{2}$. Nearer and nearer they come to this limiting conception; no power of man, no power of Jove, can ever say them nay; yet are they by the very law of their approach saved from all danger of arriving. Let your modern designer of heaven lay this last condition on the kind of unattainability his heaven shall enjoy; then and only then does his heavenly conception come before us in the likeness of a *Grenzbegriff*, an *Idee*, infinitely remote indeed, but of unobstructed approach. And this, to be sure, the cool waters and sweet fruits were not to Tantalus—only so near might he come, then would Jove's laws forbid him. In the eternal repetition of a same unchangeable hope, reborn but to be disappointed and disappointed but to be reborn,—in this alone lay the quality that made his hell a hell.

And yet I do not know. The Greek gods to be sure were not familiar with the theory of limits; but suppose some one to have brought this beautiful development to the attention of Jove with a view to persuading him to modify his ancient veto. Now may

² Hor. *Epod.* XVII.

Tantalus' lips approach the waters and Sisyphus' rock the summit to within a distance less than any given distance: but think you Tantalus and Sisyphus, entering on this new régime, will take themselves to have been suddenly translated into heaven? Or again, one can imagine some post-Euclidean god for his own divine amusement sending to have that cask of the Danaïdes mended; yet so cunningly mended that at the end of some new day's toil the overjoyed ladies would see their tub half full, at the next day's end three-quarters, and the next seven-eighths. One cannot guess how long it would take a Danaid to become a mathematician apt to diagnose convergence, but a god could afford to be patient. And would it not be worth waiting for, the expression on that stricken face the day it should come to gaze on its hope deceived—deceived by the very best likeness one can think on of a modern unattainable heaven?

And the end of the ancient story is—What? This rejected past, which we have belatedly recalled in order to refute it, will have ended by refuting us in the eyes of all the future unless one thing prove true, namely, that what remains to be put into the modern definition shall reveal heaven's part in life to have so changed with the ages that, whereas old heavens would have been nothing had they not been reachable, new heavens could be nothing if they were. Vaguely, pictures drawn from the world of common things suggest themselves wherein we may see how different kinds of hope may be nourished on different kinds of prospect. Thus, if our lives be ships tossed on a sea whose every hour is evil till one come to the harbor where one would be, then to learn such havens to be forever unreachable must indeed be hell. But again let our lives be these same ships, and heaven the name of some only light that can guide to the ports of the sea, then indeed it were well this light be so placed that no ship could sail past it.

Something of this sort may come to us as a picture, in which may lie a parable. Yet parables at best are but leading thoughts bound to be half misleading; let us turn from lives that are ships to lives that are nothing but lives.

II

And first, if you please, consider this one. Here is a physicist devoting his life to a task whose ultimate completion depends on his ascertaining the real length of a thread—as it might be, a pendulum suspension. He can measure the thing, of course; but no one is more careful than he to make explicit his understanding that the result of his measurement is far from being the real length of the thread he is measuring. How far? Why, his actual attainment is remote from the ideal reality he is after by all the distance of experimental progress that lies between a mean reading with probable error greater than zero, and a mean reading with probable error zero. Measured in terms of the history of striving that must lie between the physicist of any militant moment, and the physicist triumphantly in possession of the real length of a thread, how far is this laboratory-observer from the ideal which inspires and lends its only meaning to his present effort? As far as yonder mathematician is from writing down any rational value that shall express with mathematical accuracy the irrational $\sqrt{2}$. For though, on the postulates which the physicist gladly makes his own in all his practical doings, the limiting conception of a mean reading with probable error zero is essentially approachable, yet is it just as essentially unattainable. Experimental method bases itself pragmatically on the postulate that, however small the experimental error attached to any given reading, a reading with smaller error can always be obtained; but the very meaning of that article of laboratory religion which prescribes for all measurements a series of readings taken to a decimal place in which they do not agree—the very meaning of this prescription involves the implication that in no finite progress can science attain a reading with probable error zero. Yet this is the ideal whose pursuit is the physicist's whole happiness, this ideal is the only thing he admits to be altogether real. And he shall never lay hold on it, it is essentially approachable, but just as essentially unattainable. What then? Does any one notice on the features of the physicist that expression of a damned soul our imagination willingly lends to the physiognomy of your Danaides, Tantalus, Sisyphus,—all those

ancient undertakers of hopeless undertakings? Could Canidia had she happened to know a laboratory physicist have pointed to this one, too, with her gloating "*optat quietem*"?

Not at all. The physicist is not only pleased with himself but so pleased with a world providing endless occupation for its innumerable brief lives that he asks no more of the dubious one we live in than that it may last—last to let the scientist go on forever and ever reducing his probable error. But will it? Do we know this world to be such a world as leaves time for interminable adventures? What if another solar system were to crash into ours tomorrow, upset all the laboratory, put out of adjustment all the apparatus for reducing probable errors? No matter, says the physicist, so long as I do not know this will happen, I'll go on with my work as though I knew it would not. He is as pleased with his job as all that! *Optat quietem* indeed!

Now why are these things so? How can a mortal work as though the whole motive for and joy in his work was derived from a sense of progress; progress toward a limiting conception of which we know and he knows that, however approachable, it is essentially unattainable? What is there in the nature of this progress that to each step makes the next seem essentially desirable? '*Essentially* desirable'? Ah yes; if we could but prove that adverb *essentially*, perhaps our reflexions on a possible science of religion would be nearing, if not their all-comforting end, at least a comfortable resting-place. We should see all the difference that lies between damned Danaides in torment and happy science at work. For, indeed, to show the scientist's ideal to be *essentially* desirable would be to derive its desirability from some underlying definition or postulate, in such wise that to deny one's desire for a life such as his would be to utter nonsense and self-contradiction. But does not this imply that to be essentially desirable for anyone an ideal must be desired by all who desire anything at all? In a word, it would seem that nothing could be essentially desirable, save that to desire which is the condition of desiring anything; or, as some new Kant might phrase it, only that want can be *a priori* whose presence is presupposed by all particular wantings.

There was a moment (I am afraid it was a long way back and

very near our beginnings) when the hope of founding a science of religion promised immediately to wreck itself on the most fatal rock an undertaking could encounter, namely, on the ultimate proof of the meaninglessness of the undertaking. Not otherwise must the enterprise of squaring the circle with straight edge and compass have come to an end before it had found a beginning. For the situation in which a proposed science of religion must find itself seemed plain: there is no sense in which science can demonstrate the necessity of any *ought* save the sense in which it may establish the means that ought to be taken to attain some end assumed. But our definition of God, inspired by if not derived from the devout sentences of the *Imitatio*, required scientific religion to demonstrate that such and such ought to be one's supreme and ultimate end. Here then science, calculated to force on us nothing in the world but means, is invoked to force on us an end; the end namely that ought to be our supreme and ultimate end! Drawing square circles should be of a childlike simplicity in comparison! Yet instead of acknowledging this state of affairs and abandoning religion to some more mystical fate, this discourse has sauntered through history from Schopenhauer, with his religion of Nirvana, to the laboratory of science, with its religion of endless struggle,—sauntered as though it still had hope of finding some ultimate pot of gold at some happy rainbow's foot.

And now, has it not? Has our leisurely, historically contemplative procedure been altogether without a suggestion of profit? Does it at the end of our wanderings seem as hopelessly contradictory as at their beginning to look to science for a proof of essential desires? Is the scientist so unscientific that he can find no excuse in reason for his real delight in an endless toil, only postulating that this toil shall be allowed time to pursue its ideal? As we know the scientist, we can hardly imagine him abandoning his claims to sanity without making some sort of fight for it; and in the way of fighting it has always been one of his favorite tricks to show the layman's reason for doubting him to be the very reason proving him sound. And so I imagine him defending his religion in some such way as this.

'Suppose', he will begin, 'suppose we agree that the only

way science can prove aught to be desirable is to show it to be the necessary means to an end actually desired? So that if, for example, you do not desire to bisect a line, science cannot insist that you set out instantly to find you a straight edge and compass. But if you do not desire to bisect a line, this can only be because you do desire to do something else; perhaps to build a church, or rob a bank, or what not. Now suppose there were something you would have to have whether you wanted to bisect a line, or break a safe, or do anything else in the world; then, whatever you happened to desire, you would have to desire that something. One has to desire anything without which one can accomplish nothing. Is there such a something, lacking which you can accomplish nothing? I think there is', says the scientist, 'namely, that very science with which I am struggling to provide you, and to provide in as large measure as may be. The condition of attaining any end in the world is such control of the world's machinery as shall give you power to get what you want.'

So the scientist. And yet were he to stop, as well he might be willing to, with this consideration, he would not have said all there was to be said in proving the object of his endless endeavor to be an object presupposed by any will that ever willed. For it might be, and commonly is, imagined that the labor of acquiring science may stop the moment one has all the power one needs to secure some limited prize, as it might be one's daily bread and all one would have of butter. But no; contentment lies not in having; it lies in the hope of having, and its measure is nicely proportioned to hope's measure of assurance. And is there anything finite enough, trivial enough, to be assuredly within the power of a limited measure of science? Your dinner is served in your well-built house, but your well-built house is a little detail in the rich furniture of earth, and your earth but a little voice in the whole choir of heaven. Safe at home, you say, I am as sure of dinner as that this house will stand. Indeed you may be that sure, but no surer. And your certainty that your house will stand, that the world will wag tomorrow as yesterday, is exactly proportionate to the power of your science to prevent it from doing otherwise. It would take you all the

power of omnipotence, and involve all the science of omniscience, to be sure you could crush yonder worm under your foot. Doubtless you could, nothing preventing; and that is the extent of our finite control of events,—we can be dead certain of accomplishing anything that nothing shall have prevented us from accomplishing.

This then completes the scientist's apology for his life: there is no wanting *any* thing without wanting him, and the more that thing is wanted the more his science is wanted to ward off things preventing. (Why the very pessimist, the more he contemns science and lauds death, the more he lauds the science which alone makes death secure.) But an old pious way of writing sets down at the end of its promises, not the words 'nothing preventing', but the two letters D. V. 'God willing', 'science controlling', do not these come to the same thing? And if so, is there any difference in spirit between the devotion of an à Kempis, who would pray God to be willing, and the devotion of the scientist who would make science controlling? Again, for what is the desire of science? For power? No, but for increase of power. It is essentially, not accidentally, a never-ending progress; and he who wills this progress wills the ideal which alone defines the meaning of more and less, of far and near approximation. Then may we not conclude to some such purpose as this:—what ought to be one's supreme and ultimate end is 'God' indeed, but 'true God' only in so far as that *ought* is proven? But if this is so, must not that ideal which cannot help but be one's supreme and ultimate end, whatever ends one may elect to follow, be a God so fully proven and approved as to be of all gods the truest? Meanwhile is it not thought, is it not science, which has founded this religion of science? And may we not say of its God, of this ideal of science, that the more we understand it as the scientist does, the more we should call it The Omnipotent? But this is exactly what Thomas à Kempis called his God too. One wonders whether, if à Kempis had come to think of God, not as of what one ought to want if one would be truly blessed, but as of what one would have to want to be blessed at all,—one wonders whether his religion, then, need have changed any of its old devout wordings.

III

Surely at this point an argument that has advanced so industriously, and to so definite a conclusion—an argument whose premises and processes of deduction are now completely before the court of criticism—, can afford to postpone reflexion on what its doctrine may hold of practical implications, long enough to consider in what relation this doctrine may stand to the theologies of the past. And here little will be lost that cannot be recovered at leisure if our comparisons confine themselves to one.

Some hundred and fifty years ago a master-workman gathered into one place, and there classified, and thereafter critically examined, all that history had to offer in the way of scientific theologies. All remember how this workman reduced these theologies to three, of which one appealed to no experience, but rested its case on logic; while of the remaining two, making common appeal to experience, the one found its evidence of God in the least that could be called experience, the other demanded for proof of God's being the most that experience could offer. It is hard to see how any theology could fail to fall into one or the other of these three classes; when then their classifier and critic showed that not one of them could boast the slightest claim to a place among the sciences, the conclusion was forced: there never has been, there is not, there never can be, a *science* of religion. Yet this *Allzermalmender* was in his own conviction neither atheist nor agnostic, but in close-reasoned discourse he supported the pragmatic thesis that God, an *Idee*, ought to be pursued as life's supreme and ultimate end.

One cannot avoid placing in juxtaposition the conclusions of our present argument and those of the great critic of a century and a half ago. There are points of close agreement. Our first care has been to confirm the Kantian thought that a God, existent or not, could be naught but the name of an ideal, a *Grenzbegriff*, an *Idee*. But our thought-world is full of *Ideen*; and by what particular mark shall we know that particular *Grenzbegriff* rightly to be taken for God? Shall we say, Of all ideals it is the one that ought to be taken for supreme and ultimate end? But could Kant indeed demonstrate such an *ought* attaching to

any ideal whatever, demonstrate in any sense science could understand? If you say yes, then Kant had unwittingly built what he denied to be possible—a science of religion. If you say no, then Kant had not built what he claimed to be indispensable—a reasonable religion. All know the historic confusion of theologies that followed on this indecision of thought. Yet—such is the contention of this present discourse—to have established a science of religion Kant need have done no more than to apply his own method universally; he need have done no more than develop a science of ends following the same critical technique by which he himself had established the science underlying all construction of means, *i.e.* the science of mechanism. It is this science of ends, a post-Kantian completion of Kant, that our discourse has tried to construct; and the name of that science when completed can be no other than *the science of religion*.

But, you naturally ask, suppose Kant himself to have come upon this science of the *a priori* in volition; to have perceived it to be no less a (constitutive) science than that analogously founded on the *a priori* in perception; to have accepted it at last as his long-sought science of religion—supposing this, under which of the three types of theology could he have classified this new argument of his own finding? The answer is, of course, under no one of the three, else had this new theology no more claim than the traditional to a place among the sciences. There must then have been a fourth possibility? Indeed there was; it was a type of theology Kant had failed to find in his survey of history, simply because it was not to be found in history till Kant himself had put it there. That he never knew himself to have put it there,—this will have its reasons in the psychology of the man and his moment; he will not have been the first to have builded better than he knew. Doubtless were he here today he would acknowledge himself debtor to this, my discourse, for having discovered in him a merit he denied himself, a merit to add to those the world has always acknowledged to be his. Perhaps he would even be willing to add to the long list of his writings one for which I might suggest a happy title: *Der einzig mögliche Beweisgrund zu einer Demonstration des Daseins Gottes*.

IV

Although reluctant to abandon to the keeping of a paragraph so brief and digressive the rich possibilities of historic comparison (at once so critical of a thesis' solidity and so revealing of its implicit meanings), I realize how little a theology can be one, if it imply no life worthy to be called 'religious' in any sense of the religious life history could understand. To the matter of the practical implications of what I may call this scientific theology I am the more anxious to return, for it is inevitable that one who has followed the argument so far should have been led to anticipate a strange, paradoxical conclusion. He must have felt it to lie in the very nature of this argument that the one saint tolerated of a scientific religion will be the laboratory man. Yet this is far from the conclusion with which I would willingly leave a world not overly fond of laboratories. One may well enough start one's picture of a world living thus religiously with a study of some such devout soul as the laboratory houses. The most scientifically profane cannot deny to the community of such souls a certain odor of sanctity; for it is the happy condition of every laboratory-man that he is both servant of and served by every other of his kind. There in the house of science is the one place where, as the world goes, it has come nearest to realizing a certain condition of good fellowship. There in the household of science each member, in pursuing to the limit of his ability his own private ambition, serves to the limit of his ability the ambition of each other there. This is the world where coöperation is without self-sacrifice, where egoism and altruism are one, where there is, thanks to its god, no such thing as *duty*.

Well, but though one started one's picture with these figures living in harmony of will, one could not account for their being able to live at all without introducing some helpers from without. Of these collaborators, the most obviously needed are such as are also scientists, if you will, but less searchers after new truth than adapters of yesterday's discoveries to the satisfaction^{as} of today's will and desire; their science is of the technical kind, and is no less a technical art. Of these artists of science, the most obviously needed are those who shall consider wherewithal we

shall be fed, clothed, and, to the limit of the world's conquered wealth, pampered. But though your technical artist is the most obviously, yet is he not the most urgently, needed of those who dwell without the walls of research. Somewhere without these walls, yet well within the city of harmonious wills, must be that other house, that atelier wherein other arts, the fine arts, dwell. But no sooner has this house been brought within the picture than one recalls something overhasty, said a little while ago. The abode of science is indeed a home of collaboration—the more so, the more the science therein wrought is progressing toward its ideal; but we were hasty in calling it the *one* such home. The atelier of art is not a whit less a household wherein each best serves all in best serving himself. Does the scientist lay each discovery at every other scientist's feet, which gift that other quickly gathers up to advance his own research? Then no less does each artist lay his invention on every other artist's worktable; there too it is gathered up by a master to whom all art suggests new art and new beauty. And not only does scientist serve scientist, and artist artist, but each I hope serves no one more than one of the other house. (I say I hope so; for though well I know how faint the scientist whose lot I share would grow, did not the wine of art ever and again sustain his overtaxed imagination, yet I can only *hope* the fine artist somehow finds himself paid in kind; for what the artist can have to buy half so precious as the ware he sells must remain his own secret, for all of me.)

But on this theme of the blessed community that the religion of science gathers about itself, no need to expand; no need to develop a thought which if it have fecundity in it will develop itself at leisure. All who take thought on the matter must come to see that such foundations as science would lay for the religion of men are rather solid than cold. On them may be built as many mansions as there are differently natured souls of whom each may make his peculiar abode a temple to the God of all. There is no end to the varieties of life a science of religion will not only sanction but studiously foster. Nor is there, save to those who have not understood their God, any greater or less to the dignity of labors done in his service. The gentle George

Herbert might have been poet and hymner to science's theology when he sang his best songs to his own,—George Herbert, who put in words of touching grace the thought to lack which is to lack understanding of all divinities.

Teach me, my God and King, in all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything, to do it as for Thee.

All may of Thee partake, nothing can be so mean
Which with this tincture, "for Thy sake", will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone that turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own cannot for less be told.

There is no limit to the variety, no difference in the dignity of religious lives, as science decrees and sanctions them. Can we not go further—is there not a single unsharable value, a unique possibility of contributing, proper to each mortal life that ever was or could be? From the dawn of things, what an untold, untellable multitude of unique conditions has gone to the making of each lonely appreciation of fate that has ever looked out from behind a lonely pair of eyes! The total result is not told when we say the ages have constructed us an endless variety of creatures, *i.e.* innumerable types of creature. What one can subsume under no type, though one have endless categories for the drawing of nice distinctions, is that which has and can have no double in all the realm of being, nothing at all to share its uniqueness with it. That in each of us which makes him stranger to every thinkable type is at once the portion of an outcast and the heritage of a king. A scientific religion should learn to value the outcast for what there is in him of king, for all he has to give that no other mortal could give though his wisdom were Solomon's own. So much has each soul to contribute to the common undertaking of all,—of all souls as, lonely each to itself, impenetrable one to another, they toil to realize their common ideal of a world fit to be shared. And can reflexion find no way of saving from an all-engulfing nothingness this precious outlook on reality that finds its moment of being in each perishable mortal? Is there no way of *living* oneself into the life of another? If there be,

science should prize this way as an exercise in religion, even though for simple men it is but the way of love. It has sometimes been thought there was room in religion (though there is none in this discourse) for the thing called love; but whether to be called the love of man or the love of God, let those tell who know the difference. Whatever the name, there is every room for, every reason for, the thing: that indescribable thing which makes one ephemeral life irreplaceably dear to another,—there is every room for this thing in the religion which is a science.

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DE ANGELIS¹

FOR an occasion such as this no particular theme has ever been prescribed or proscribed. Former presidents of this Association appear to have exercised complete liberty in the choice of their topics. Of this liberty I too am glad to avail myself. For it enables me to convey through an imaginative medium certain conclusions I have reached concerning the nature of philosophy. And if at the outset my discourse is chiefly about angels, I must ask my audience to bear with me patiently. The liberty to be imaginative I do not interpret as license to be fanciful. My initial disquisition about angels is not impertinent; it is intimately connected with my main subject. It will soon become manifest that my concern is not with celestial spirits but with speculative men.

In spirits and demons, both malevolent and friendly, mankind has always evinced an engrossing interest. For primitive man, as some anthropologists inform us, the belief in these beings was universal. The transition from primitive to civilized man was not effected by discarding demons and spirits; belief in them, according to learned historians, may be found embedded in the religions of all so-called civilized races. To be convinced of this one need only peruse the articles gathered together under the caption "Demons and Spirits" in Hasting's *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*. Angelic beings have played a prominent part in the various religions of mankind—Assyro-Babylonian, Buddhist, Celtic, Chinese, Japanese, Egyptian, Greek, Indian, Persian, Hebrew, Muslim, Roman, Slavic, Teutonic, and Christian. Whatever transformation and amalgamation these historical religions have undergone, there is no evidence that angels are no longer believed in. On the contrary, it is safe to say that all races of men, in so far as their religions are not wholly discontinuous with the beliefs of their ancestors, still adhere to some faith, however attenuated, in the existence of angels.

¹ Presidential Address to the Pacific Division of the American Philosophical Association at Berkeley, California, December 31, 1930.

The fact that men have always believed in angels is sufficient justification for discourse concerning them. Discussion about things men actually believe to exist is never impertinent. For this reason it is quite inexcusable to regard as ludicrous the preoccupation with demons and spirits on the part of the Fathers of the Christian Church. The angelology perfected by them had its roots in men's beliefs. The Fathers and the Schoolmen neither invented nor discovered the angels; they simply 'rationalized' objects of anterior credulity. They justified what the common sense of their day considered justifiable. They proclaimed as part of the *doctrina publica* the *idola mentis* already extant. Not otherwise can we explain the continuous and persistent labors spent upon the angels by the Apostolic Fathers, the Apologists, the Greek Fathers, the Later Greek Writers, the Latin Fathers, and the Scholastics. We deride their speculative zeal for angels because our attention has shifted to other beings equally impalpable. But who has the assurance that millennia hence men will regard the present solicitude for electrons and protons as less comical than medieval devotion to demons and spirits? Let us avow in all humility that each age has its own tenuous objects of interest and belief. We must correct our own illusions of perspective by taking seriously the perspectives of other times. Gregory the Great, for instance, who (following in this matter the Pseudo-Dionysius) affirmed the existence of nine orders of angels, was held in high esteem by his intellectual compeers during many centuries for having achieved a definitive classification of the bewildering multitudes of spirits;² and these nine orders of spirits—Angels, Archangels, Virtues, Powers, Principalities, Dominations, Thrones, Cherubim, Seraphim—were to Gregory no less real than are 'events' and 'objects' to Mr. Whitehead. Anyone is free, of course, to ridicule Gregory's attempt to number the several orders of the celestial hierarchy; but shall it be deemed improper to laugh at the eight categories of existence and the twenty-seven categories of explanation and the nine categoreal obligations marshalled in his *Process and Reality*

² Dante, as is well known, has adopted this hierarchy of the angels, mentioning as his authority Dionysius the Areopagite and Gregory the Great. *Divina Commedia*, *Paradiso*, Canto XVIII.

by the modern cosmologist in an assured manner equal to that of all the Fathers and the Schoolmen? There is no scandal in the comparison, and it is not ignominious to prefer the nine orders of angels.

Curiously enough, modern philosophers are not averse to angels. Two illustrations will suffice to show how the angel as a plausible being figures in sober philosophic arguments.

The case of Descartes is familiar. The hypothesis of a deceiving angel, an evil genius as powerful as God, employing his cunning in causing me to err, even in matters in which the evidence is unimpeachable—this hypothesis Descartes advances, not at all playfully, in order to render his method of doubt universally applicable. For without the hypothesis of an arch-deceiver, a demon possessed of God's power but not his goodness, Descartes is unable to doubt the things he most clearly and distinctly perceives, namely, the truths belonging to the sphere of arithmetic and geometry. How can such truths be doubted? How can scepticism assail a proposition *actually* indubitable, the proposition, for example, that two and three together make five? Nowhere does Descartes affirm his ability to think of two and three together *not* making five. His experimental scepticism is more radical. It does not affect the indubitable proposition itself but rather the ground for believing it indubitable. Whence the inability to conceive the contrary of an arithmetically true proposition? It is only when the question is raised in this form that the hypothesis of a malicious angel becomes relevant. It is possible that I am cozened to think of two and three together making five, the inability to think otherwise being due, not to the intrinsic certainty of the proposition, but solely to the caprice of an evil genius. There is thus for Descartes no truth in the proposition until its clear and distinct perception may be seen to be grounded in an ultimately veracious source. No security from doubt without absolute certainty of the source of truth. In order to remove all doubt, as he puts it, "I must inquire whether there is a God . . . ; and if I find that there is a God, I must also inquire whether he may be a deceiver; for without a knowledge of these two truths I do not see that I can ever be certain of anything."³ The hypothesis of a deceiving angel is an integral part

³ *Meditations*, Meditation III.

of the whole Cartesian argument. It is perhaps its most important part. In the first place, this hypothesis makes possible the extension of the method of doubt to all propositions actually indubitable, *i.e.* to all propositions the contrary of which is inconceivable. And in the second place, the final rejection of this initially plausible hypothesis, by substituting for it the proof of the existence of a non-deceiving God, is the sole guarantee for the trust in the natural light of reason.

Equally familiar is the other instance of supporting a philosophic argument by invoking an angel. I refer to Mr. S. Alexander. Alexander's angel, though not a malicious one, has the office of subverting two major theses dear to idealism: he robs consciousness of priority and mind of ultimacy. Is consciousness, exemplified in the sundry *acts* of experiencing or enjoying, such as sensing or perceiving or imagining or remembering or thinking, in any way prior to the non-mental *objects* experienced or contemplated? And is mind the final empirical quality which time can produce? The answer depends upon whether we take the point of view of man or that of the angel. From the standpoint of man consciousness *seems* prior because consciousness can be enjoyed and not contemplated, and mind *seems* an ultimate quality because it is "only the last empirical quality which we who are minds happen to know".⁴ But imagine an angel and see the situation as he sees it. "Consciousness enjoys itself in us", says Alexander, "but for the angel it would not be enjoyed but contemplated."⁵ The angel would see our enjoyed act compresent with the contemplated object much in the same way as I may see (the illustration is Alexander's) a tree compresent with the earth. I should be for him "an object of angelic contemplation, and he would have no doubt that different as are the gifts of minds and trees they are coördinate in his contemplated world, as external things are in mine".⁶ Thus the prerogative of consciousness, which consists in enjoyment, is not a prerogative but a predicament; the angel transcends our limitations and contemplates as external our internally enjoyed acts.

⁴ *Space, Time, and Deity*, Vol. II, p. 346.

⁵ *Ibid.*, II, p. 105.

⁶ *Ibid.*, I, pp. 19-20.

Are beings possessing the 'angelic quality', the possession of which enables them to contemplate what we can only enjoy, fanciful creatures? Not at all. Angels are bound to arise in the course of time; even now the universe is pregnant with them. This the doctrine of emergent evolution holds out as a speculatively assured promise. There is a *nisus* in the universe, asserts Alexander, "which, as it has borne its creatures forward through matter and life to mind, will bear them forward to some higher level of existence. There is nothing in mind which requires us to stop and say this is the highest empirical quality which Time can produce. . . . Time itself compels us to think of a later birth of Time. For this reason it was legitimate for us to follow up the series of empirical qualities and imagine finite beings which we called angels, who would enjoy their own angelic being but would contemplate minds as minds themselves cannot do, in the same way as mind contemplates life and lower levels of existence."⁷ The device to view mind and consciousness, not from the standpoint of man, but from that of the angel, Alexander presents as "a serious conception":⁸ though only "playfully" does he venture to identify the empirical method in philosophy with "the angelic method".⁹ His playfulness is a concession to common sense. The empirical method literally is the angelic method, if by means of it alone mind may be shorn of its pretensions, and consciousness relegated to the level of contemplated objects; for none but angels can view mind as not climactic or not privileged and consciousness as amenable to "extrospection". But how can we actually apply the empirical method to mind and consciousness, as bidden by Alexander, without first becoming as angels? To this question I shall return later.

The preoccupation with angels is thus not an exclusively medieval one. To imagine angels, and to imagine things after their manner, is a device modern philosophy has not spurned, as René Descartes and Samuel Alexander abundantly illustrate. I feel therefore no compunction in enlisting the aid of angels in behalf of some speculative interests of my own. But before I

⁷ *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 346.

⁸ *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 346.

⁹ *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 20.

can use them for my own purposes I must deal with a literary attempt to look at the world through angelic eyes. The work I wish to examine is Anatole France's *The Revolt of the Angels*.

This imaginative narrative, published in 1914, the ripest expression of Anatole France's urbane genius, is a masterpiece of criticism at once ironic and irenic. Its diction is of marvellous beauty, grace, and clarity. Erudition and mock erudition so incongruously pervade its pages that the combined effect of humor and wit is irresistible. The characters it portrays, both human and angelic, are delineated with exquisite art; they are delicate literary etchings, sharp, distinct, unforgettable. Within its brief compass the work embraces the major themes of heaven and earth. It contains the outlines of a philosophy of history, fanciful indeed, but not more so than Hegel's or Bossuet's. The author allows one of his good demons to sketch a view of the life of reason, conceived in naturalistic and humanistic terms, which reads like an epitome of Mr. Santayana's philosophy; it is a speculative biography of human experience in miniature. Of this work of superb literary art there are many aspects to engage our interest. But our principal concern is with the story of the revolt of the angels.

The story presupposes the commonly accepted angelology of the Christian Fathers and the Schoolmen. The legend of the original fall of the angels constitutes its background. The person of Lucifer dominates the scene. The hierarchy of the celestial spirits is the traditional one, and so is the definition of their nature and function. Traditional, too, is the assumption that each man possesses from his birth a guardian spirit. One such spirit, the guardian angel of the son of a noble family, conceives the idea of recommencing the ancient revolt against Heaven. Finding himself in a house containing one of the vastest libraries of the world, he acquires a taste for reading and a love of study. He drinks deeply from Oriental sources of learning and from those of Greece and Rome. He devours the works of theologians, philosophers, physicists, and geologists. And the angel loses his faith. He denies that the God of the Jews and the Christians created the world. God no longer appears to him as eternal or infinite, but merely as a tyrannical

demiurge, ignorant of science and hostile to humanity, with whom he now seeks combat in order to replace his rule by that of Lucifer. The fallen angel soon finds congenial spirits. These spirits, all converted to naturalism and humanism, are imbued with the same zeal to conquer Heaven, differing only in the way by which victory is to be achieved. Finally, after many deliberations, the angelic rebels organize their plans and forces; and they are prepared at last to ask Lucifer to lead the assault.

Lucifer, who long since renounced the ambition to become God, takes no part in the designs of the revolutionary angels. His aloofness is explained by the lesson his original fall had taught him. One of the demons, who knew Lucifer before the fall and who witnessed his failure to seize the celestial throne, speaks of him thus: "I knew him. He was the most beautiful of the Seraphim. He shone with intelligence and daring. His great heart was big with all the virtues born of pride: frankness, courage, constancy in trial, indomitable hope. . . . To those who were possessed of a daring spirit, a restless soul, to those fired with a wild love of liberty, he proffered friendship, which was returned with adoration. These latter deserted in a mass the mountain of God and yielded to the Seraph the homage which That Other would fain have kept for himself alone."¹⁰ The same demon was with the hosts of angels who, under Lucifer's leadership, invaded and all but conquered "the mountain of God". And when the battle was over and lost, Lucifer summoned his fallen comrades to fill their hearts with longing for knowledge and love. "It is not blind courage", thus his adoring demon heard him say on the day of bitter defeat, "which will win us the courts of Heaven; but rather study and reflection. In these silent realms where we are fallen, let us meditate, seeking the hidden causes of things; let us observe the course of Nature; let us pursue her with compelling ardour and all-conquering desire; let us strive to penetrate her infinite grandeur, her infinite minuteness. . . . Torn with dire wounds, . . . let us render thanks to Fate which has sedulously opened our eyes, and let us rejoice at our lot. It is through pain that . . . we have

¹⁰ The translation here used is that by Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson, published by The John Lane Company, New York, 1914.

been roused to know her and to subdue her. When she obeys us we shall be as gods. But even though she hide her mysteries for ever from us . . . we still must needs congratulate ourselves on having known pain, for pain has revealed to us new feelings, more precious and more sweet than those experienced in eternal bliss, and inspired us with love and pity unknown to Heaven." Under the stress of defeat Lucifer abandoned power and sought knowledge, renounced dominion and yielded to love. Henceforth he became the friend and comforter of mankind, inspiring science and teaching the joy of life.

To such a chastened Lucifer, then, the latter-day angels in revolt now turn in the hope that he would lead their hosts to conquer Heaven. "Prince", they say, "your army awaits you. Come, lead us to victory." But Lucifer begs them to be patient. "To-morrow", he promises, "I will give you my answer." And that night in his garden Lucifer has a dream. Leading the vast army of the rebellious angels, he sees himself advancing towards the high abode of his ancient adversary. A terrific battle commences. For a while the issue hangs in the balance. At last Lucifer's army triumphs, the "Master of the Heavens" seeks safety in Hell, and Lucifer ascends the "Throne of the Universe". Then Lucifer puts the crown of God on his head and all Heavenly Jerusalem praises and glorifies the new Lord. And he finds pleasure in the praise and in the exercise of his grace. He listens with joy to the canticles of the angels who celebrate his wisdom and his power and his goodness. Centuries pass like seconds; and in the course of æons Lucifer undergoes a transformation so complete that he becomes indistinguishable from the vanquished demiurge. All the attributes of his ancient foe are now ascribed to him. He discovers in himself all the traits he abhorred in his hated predecessor: insensibility to suffering and death, dislike of intelligence and curiosity, love of musty and dogmatic theology. And gazing into the depth of Hell he beholds the old god wearing the proud and lofty mien of Lucifer. The new god sees the light of love and intelligence upon the sorrow-stricken countenance of the old one. Lo! he, once the Most High, was now contemplating the Earth and, seeing it sunk in wickedness and suffering, hastened thither to instruct and to

console mankind. Lucifer, shuddering at the thought that nothing had been accomplished by his victory, that he and his rival had only exchanged places, thereupon awakens from his dream.

This dream removes from Lucifer the last vestiges of his primordial ambition. To the chieftains of the belligerent demons he announces his resolve not to father their revolt. "Comrades", he cries, "no, we will not conquer the heavens. Enough to have the power. War engenders war, and victory defeat. God, conquered, will become Satan; Satan, conquering, will become God. May the fates spare me this terrible lot." Lucifer prefers to remain Lucifer—the father of scepticism, the enemy of barbarism, the hater of dogmas, the friend of mankind, the patron of science, the lover of art, the apostle of joy, the genius of the life of reason on earth, the guardian spirit of a humane society here below.

This fable inspires many thoughts. Those with a penchant for Hegel may see in it a literary expression of his dialectical logic. The world here depicted is certainly topsy-turvy; everything becomes its own other. The angels in heaven are incurious and callous; the fallen spirits are friendly demons, bound to the earth as the helpers of man in his struggle for freedom and joy. God is conceived as a ferocious demiurge, endowed with the attributes of Satan; Lucifer, personifying God, is the paragon of mercy and love. Heaven is the source of evil; being the sphere of power and prosperity, it breeds, after the manner of strong and victorious governments, fear and jealousy, violence and greed. Hell, on the other hand, forming the genius of the fallen angels, is the fountain-head of beneficence; torment and defeat foster, in demons and men, compassion and disillusion, kindliness and intelligence. Anatole France's dialectical master-stroke, out-Hegeling Hegel, is achieved when man and angel exchange places. The son of the noble family, when he finds that his angel has become an infidel, labors to restore to his celestial guardian his ancient faith; he decides, in fact, to act as his guardian angel's guardian angel.

Yet all this is no mere caricature. A severe critic of Hegel might make capital use of Anatole France's fable. What is

Hegel's idealism but Lucifer's nightmare, not taken as dream but as truth? When we consider in its entirety his great system of clashing concepts and ideals, we discover Satan—*le Contradictor*, as Anatole France names him—in the seat of the Most High. Hegel's Absolute, indeed, is the sovereign Contradictor, contradicting anything and everything, including contradiction itself. Strange as it may sound to say so, what we are bidden by Hegel to glorify as Spirit is a being perpetually wallowing in contradiction. His *Geist der stets verneint* knows no other way of affirming save by negating a negation. "The negative of the negative", says Hegel, "... is ... transcendence of contradiction ... : it is the innermost and objective moment of Life and Spirit."¹¹ This magic formula—the negative of the negative or the contradiction of contradiction—is the talisman with the aid of which Hegel manages to convert evil into good and error into truth. The great Contradictor or the Absolute is unabashed in the presence of all irrational thoughts and all vile deeds simply because they can be superseded or *aufgehoben* through the application of the magic formula. He is not only undismayed but positively rejoicing; whatever to mortal man is insufferable is grist for the Absolute's mill, whatever iron enters our human heart is more precious than rubies from the Contradictor's point of view. Such a being, who requires our folly for his wisdom, our agony for his joy, our defeat for his triumph, we are asked in all seriousness to acknowledge as the moving soul of the universe. And we are urged to believe, not only that this being is supreme for speculative philosophy, but that the great Contradictor is identical with the God of all religions, worthy of reverence and entitled to worship. Is it fanciful, then, to see in Hegel's metaphysics the fulfillment of the dream which Anatole France induces in his Lucifer? In the artist's fable Lucifer awakens and shrinks from the lot of an all-conquering, all-encompassing, all-justifying Demon. For Hegel there is no awakening; the great Contradictor is in sober truth the Anointed Lord. Negating everything, he negates all negation in relation to himself; while the savour of ubiquitous contradiction and wickedness is indeed sweet incense to him, he affirms, with magnificent irony, that in

¹¹ *Wissenschaft der Logik, Werke*, Vol. V, 1834, pp. 342-343.

the fullness of his being there is no taint either logical or moral. It is only in Lucifer's nightmare that suffering and death appear "as the happy results of omnipotence and sovereign kindness"; in Hegel's system this is to be accepted as profound consolation. It is in his dream, too, that Lucifer "one day, following the example of his predecessor, . . . conceived the idea of proclaiming himself one god in three persons"; in Hegel the Christian mystery of the Trinity is interpreted as being a latent form of the dialectical triad of thesis, antithesis, and synthesis, the full and true fruition of which is reserved for the great Contradictor or the Absolute. Is this view of Hegel impertinent? I think not. Of his many-sided doctrine no single account can ever be altogether adequate. About Hegel the learned interpreters are notoriously at variance. But one interpretation is as good as another if it can be shown to be in conformity with the relevant texts. And one of Hegel's texts—namely, the *Logic*, which so many regard as the "Bible of Hegelianism"—offers sufficient ground for the animadversion that in his Absolute Hegel has deified God's primordial adversary, him who in *The Revolt of the Angels* plays the part of invincible Contradictor.

The philosophic importance of Anatole France's fable is not exhausted in the suggestion that Lucifer's dream is Hegel's truth. However we interpret Hegel, there are other uses for the fable. In order to indicate what these uses are, I must revert for a moment to Alexander's "playful" designation of the empirical method in philosophy as the "angelic method".

Alexander's playfulness, as I have remarked, may be discounted; for his view of the empirical method as "angelic" brings out in strong relief one of the shifting senses of the word "empirical". By that word, in one sense, he intends "to mean nothing more than the method used in the special sciences",¹² the method of "reflective description and analysis" of their subject-matter. In this sense, empirical is equivalent, he tells us, to "experiential". But a philosophy which pursues an empirical method does not become thereby empirical in subject-matter. In another and special sense, the subject-matter of philosophy is described by Alexander as preëminently non-empirical. Although

¹² *Space, Time, and Deity*, Vol. I, p. 4.

philosophy is concerned with "experienced things", we must distinguish between their variable or empirical and their pervasive or categorial characters. It is preoccupation with the categorial or non-empirical characters of the experienced world which properly defines the task of metaphysics. The term 'empirical' is thus used by Alexander in a double sense, depending upon whether it is taken as referring to subject-matter or to method. In reference to the former, it is descriptive merely of the variable or non-categorial features of things; in relation to the latter, it simply means the "experiential study" of any subject-matter whatever.

But what are we to understand by the study of things experientially or empirically? We must not understand by it, Alexander warns us, exclusive attention to 'sense-experience'. The historical association between 'empirical' and 'sensory' is unhappy and must be abandoned. The senses, he says, "have no privilege in experience". The unfortunate contrast between thought and sense is irrelevant from the standpoint of philosophic method. "Thoughts", he insists, "are experienced as much as sensations, and are as vital to experience."¹³ The experiential method thus conceived, involving rejection of the primacy of the senses and inclusion within the domain of its applicability of a non-empirical subject-matter, is singularly esoteric. It bears no resemblance to the naïve and wonted attitude commonly spoken of as 'empirical'. Indeed, it is a method not easily pursued by ordinary mortal creatures, biased as they are in favor of the senses and of the palpable things the senses consort with.

This Alexander frankly recognizes. Hence the aptness of characterizing the empirical method as "angelic". It is a method which demands, according to his own admission, "anticipating the angel's vision".¹⁴ To be sure, this anticipation is confined, in the context where the phrase occurs, to the contemplation of mind. What I experience as "the compresence of an enjoyed mind and a contemplated non-mental object", the angel "sees as the compresence of two objects". And since the truth about my mind as an object of contemplation is not borne

¹³ *Ibid.*, Vol. I, pp. 4-5.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 20.

out by what "I experience" but by what "the angel sees", the 'empirical' knowledge of such truth is manifestly impossible without literally anticipating the angel's vision. If my knowledge of things other than mind is to be similarly empirical, how can it be less angelic? As the angel contemplates my mind, so must I contemplate my world. I must see it face to face, not as content of consciousness, not as psychical *in* the mind, but as non-mental *before* it. "There is no idea", asserts Alexander, "to act as middleman between the mind and external things, no veil betwixt the mind and reality."¹⁵ To see reality without "veils" and without "middlemen"; to take the deliverance of experience "without prepossessions";¹⁶ to seek "not our human conceptions of things . . . but the constitution of the world itself";¹⁷ to note with "natural piety" the existence of emergent qualities;¹⁸ to accept as a "serious conception" the emergence of beings possessing the "angelic quality"¹⁹—all this we are compelled to do if we pursue the empirical method. "To the supposed superior being or angel", as Alexander says in encomium of his method, "this would be obvious."²⁰ But, alas, I have not the gift of angelic clairvoyance; consequently, what is so obvious to the angel is passing strange to me. I must regard as preternatural, not to say supernatural, the feat which the empirical method is supposed to be capable of performing. Alexander has chosen an appropriate label for his method. I commend its description as "angelic", not because that method is rare or difficult, but simply because it is downright miraculous.

It is not my intention, however, to deal with a serious matter in a spirit of facetiousness. The angelic method in philosophy, in spite or because of its miraculousness, is held in high esteem by most metaphysicians. It is no invention of Alexander's. He has only coined a happy name for it. The endeavor to meet reality face to face, has this not always been the supreme end of philosophy? All philosophers in quest for certainty, those

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 16.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 26.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 196.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 47.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 346.

²⁰ *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 26.

dominated by what Mr. Dewey has called the spectator-theory of knowledge, are the true protagonists of the angelic method. The metaphysical need is that of the angels—the need to be in intimate touch with the absolutely real, to contemplate its incorruptible presence, to behold its unvarying nature, to gaze upon its unveiled truth. Those longing for certainty find it unendurable not to be angels.²¹ Seeking to be as angels and to survey under the form of eternity all time and all existence, they proceed to record their vision or *theoria*, not as springing from their hearts or heads, instinct with passion or presumption, but as if it were an infallible revelation of the ultimate nature of things, inspired by heavenborn reason and truth. To anticipate the angel's vision, which Alexander demands for the application and extension of his method, is thus no rare phenomenon in philosophy. There is more than a *jeu d'esprit* in the phrase, more than a literary locution for a radical use of the word 'empirical'. The phrase expresses with perfect precision the mission of traditional metaphysics. That mission consists in overcoming and supplanting the merely human view of things. Alexander's angel, for instance, is by hypothesis conversant with ultimate being and its essential attributes; the angel *sees* without veils and screens what I *experience* through glasses darkly, the angel grasps without bias or prepossession what to me appears under the limitation of my nature and perspective. Not to anticipate the angel is to be enmeshed in error. To anticipate him is to possess truth. Is this not the aim of all philosophers? They all live in prescience of the joys of angels, if their task is defined as one of *theoria*, of beholding the true nature and constitution of the universe, and if truth is understood as equivalent to freedom from human bias and presumption. And in so far as they succeed in transcending the human perspective and contemplate reality from the point of view of a supposed superior being in full possession of truth, philosophers not only anticipate but actually embody the angelic nature. They have, in fact, become as angels.

²¹ Attention may be called to Simmel's pithy remark about the mystics, namely, *sie können es nicht ertragen, nicht Gott zu sein*, in his *Schopenhauer und Nietzsche*, 1904, p. 204. This applies with some modification to all metaphysicians.

"To become as angels"—this is a phrase which expresses strangely but accurately the aspirations of philosophers. To pass beyond the range of human illusions and preferences to a level of superhuman insight and reason, this the devotees of *philosophia perennis*²² have proclaimed not very meekly as the chief end of the philosophic undertaking. To be or not to be an angel may thus be regarded as identical with being or not being a full-fledged philosopher. But there are differences in angels, and philosophers choose to anticipate and to incarnate different kinds of angelic beings. The history of philosophy might be rewritten with profit from the standpoint of angelology. The attempt would be as 'rational' as any other (such as that of Hegel or of Comte) obsessed by the idea of 'hierarchy'. Here I hazard but one suggestion, namely, how philosophers may be grouped in accordance with the three sorts of celestial spirit depicted by Anatole France in *The Revolt of the Angels*.

I thus venture to return to that piquant tale and to discern in it three distinct classes of angelic being. One class is represented by the faithful angels in heaven, another by the revolting demons on earth, and a third by its only member, the critical Lucifer. The hosts in heaven are what William James would have described as "tender-minded"; conservative and submissive, enamored of tradition and addicted to optimism, they adore the Power that is manifest, in whose glory they bask and in whose might they rejoice. "Tough-minded" are the angels in revolt; they are radical and defiant, conscious of evil and intent upon change, in rebellion against the established order for the relief of man's estate, revering intelligence rather than authority and curiosity instead of dogma, and aiming at a transvaluation of values by a complete revolution of the reigning system of ideas and feelings. Lucifer, who is neither a 'fundamentalist' nor a 'modernist', is in a class by himself; he disdains the beatitude of the faithful and questions the ultimate efficacy of active revolt. He is dispassionate, speculative, disillusioned. He is aware that whatever Power confronts either angels or men will always elicit

²² For an encomiastic use of this expression in behalf of traditionalism in philosophy by a contemporary writer, see W. M. Urban, *The Intelligible World; Metaphysics and Value*.

devotion from some and opposition from others. He knows that to-day's dictators are the rebels of yore and that the liberators now in vogue are destined for the lot of future oppressors. And this, too, he knows, that the forces dominating heaven or earth will be naturally eulogized or disparaged according as they are assumed to foster or to frustrate certain cherished goods or ideals. These forces Lucifer refuses either to worship or to execrate; he regards them simply as inevitable and transcendent. He disarms the potency of the controlling forces of things by a fearless recognition of their intrinsic irrationality. In brief, the faithful angels acquiesce in things as they are, rationalizing and justifying them; the revolting angels challenge the established *régime*, seeking first to disestablish and then to replace it by a better order; Lucifer, being neither apologist nor reformer, surveys heaven and earth with impartial criticism, and, true to his character as Contradictor, denies that the nature of things can be rendered amenable to any set of preferential ideas or values.

The mission of the philosophers is to become as angels. We shall find them, therefore, on the side of any of these three classes of celestial beings.

To the orthodox or traditional philosophers belongs the privilege of anticipating the vision of the 'faithful' angels. Idealists and realists alike are good examples of these apologetic and acquiescent spirits; however they differ from one another, Mr. Dewey is right in ascribing to them a common basis. That basis, according to Dewey, lies in the conception of knowledge as 'certain', and in the assumption that "knowledge to be certain must relate to that which has antecedent existence or essential being".²³ Knowledge thus becomes an "art of acceptance" rather than "an art of control"; and what knowledge submits to is an antecedent "object", fixed and inalienable, somehow "given" in experience ("perhaps by revelation, perhaps by intuition, perhaps by reason"²⁴) in the faithful description of which lies the goal of the "quest for certainty".

But all's not well with the quest for certainty. That quest leads to different ends; we are confronted in traditional systems

²³ *The Quest for Certainty*, p. 22.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 43.

by different "disclosures", each of which assigns to "antecedent being" different "essential attributes". Our faithful angels consult different organs of mind, such as sense or intellect or intuition, and the disclosure varies with the organ relied upon. Even where the same organ is chosen as the ultimate vehicle of knowledge, can it be said that there is unanimity concerning its deliverance? Idealists and realists often invoke the same cognitive testimony for incompatible asseverations regarding the nature of the real. If knowledge is an art of acceptance, it is an art which apparently is all things to all men. It is a notorious fact that in their quest for certainty philosophers have ended in being certain of widely divergent things.

Why are philosophers so undismayed by mutual disagreements? How is it possible for the certainties of one to be so flatly contradicted by those of another? This may in part be explained by the office of philosophers as faithful angels; they are faithful, not to one another, but to the antecedent nature of things. Accordingly, in each traditional system the claim is made, not tentatively but with assurance, that the real, at its own bidding and in its unalloyed character, is truly revealed and recorded therein. The ground for this amazing claim is not far to seek. It is the philosopher's *Ich kann nicht anders*. He records what is revealed to *him*—to *his* perception, to *his* intuition, to *his* reason. And though a philosopher (such as Hegel or Whitehead) may blend with his own system the recorded revelations of others, the amalgamation is altogether unique, dictated as it is by an original vision or *theoria*. Yet the imputation that his system is nothing but an expression of his speculative genius will be resented by every metaphysician worth his salt. He craves commendation for 'objectivity'. He solicits universal assent. Such craving and such solicitation would be egregiously absurd without the assumption that the *theoria* underlying the system is not the result of the individual's doing or making, but is induced by "antecedent being" itself.

The separation between knowledge and action, noted by Dewey as the distinguishing mark of traditional philosophy, is thus quite inevitable; it is part and parcel of the rôle which the faithful philosopher plays. His rôle is to be a recording angel.

His mission is to divulge the essential nature of "antecedent being". Action modifies the real, makes changes in it, uses and controls it for human purposes and in relation to non-cognitive experiences taking effect in an uncertain future. Knowledge, on the other hand, seeks to be conversant with the intrinsic and indefeasible nature of the real. "It can be approached", as Dewey says, "through the medium of apprehension and demonstration, or by some other organ of the mind, which does nothing to the real except just to know it."²⁵ That a *theoria* of the real (which just knows the real without doing anything to it) is not 'made' by him who records it but is a revelation of the indigenous nature of the real, this premise no traditional metaphysician seems to question in proclaiming the truth of his system, regardless of the fact that the same premise is invoked for systems diametrically opposed to his own. But in this singular anomaly I am here not interested. Let the recording angels compose their differences as they will. I only wish to point out that each of the contending traditional metaphysicians actually *claims* to be a recording angel, noting and describing the real as it compellingly reveals itself to his infallible vision; and, because the disclosure is compelling and the vision unerring, the real must be acknowledged and not challenged, accepted and not controlled. And as chronicled by the faithful, with natural piety or preternatural, the real is not *merely* real; it is usually designated by some eulogistic adjective, such as pure, primitive, absolute, ultimate, rational.

I have hazarded to characterize as recording angels those philosophers who *claim* to disclose faithfully the essential attributes of ultimate being. But to be faithful to the real by recording its intrinsic nature is to satisfy merely the so-called 'cognitive' interest. How about the non-cognitive interests, those commonly spoken of as 'values'? It is typical of traditional philosophy, as Dewey has shown, to bring values under the dominance of the cognitive interest, and this is accomplished by including them in the quest for certainty. Authenticity cannot pertain to those values, so it is held, of which we are not absolutely certain. Accordingly, the objects of desire and effort and choice

²⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 21.

are lacking in worth until divulged and validated through knowledge, and this means finding safe anchorage for them in ultimate reality. When the recording angels turn their attention to values—to the objects that should regulate life—they become guardian angels. As custodians of objects 'axiological', of objects at once valuable and certain, our faithful philosophers have a new mission—to preach the gospel of 'eternal values', to exercise vigilance over their integrity and universality, to show that life has no 'intelligible' meaning when not consecrated to their realization. But this topic I cannot pursue here farther. Dewey has indicated, in his own fashion, the intimate relation between the two functions of the faithful angels, the function of "recording" ultimate reality and the function of "guarding" absolute values, by pointing to the fusion of the good and the true in traditional philosophy. The office of that philosophy, as he says, "is to project by dialectic, resting supposedly upon self-evident premises, a realm in which the object of completest cognitive certitude is also one with the object of the heart's best aspiration".²⁶

Opposed to the faithful philosophers, be their rôle that of recording angels or that of guardian angels, are those corresponding to Anatole France's angels in revolt. These are fallen angels. They call themselves pragmatists, instrumentalists, humanists (or by some other name); their position is strictly untraditional and modern; they dwell on the earth and their concern is with the natural man. As described by the faithful angels, their 'fall' is treason to the Absolute, the Logos, the Universal; as viewed by themselves, it is liberation from the intellectual chains forged in remote antiquity. Their rebellion is directed against the archaism and sterility of those venerable problems and methods with which 'professors' of philosophy are still preoccupied; what they aim at is reform and 'reconstruction' of a discipline to be pursued not for the sake of grasping things supernal, but for the sake of enabling man more intelligently to understand and more effectively to control the vicissitudes of his earthly life. For the dictatorship of antiquated systems they seek to substitute the rule of 'creative intelligence';

²⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 34.

the arts of recording ultimate essences and of guarding eternal values they wish to replace by the arts of perfecting scientific mastery of nature and the methods of human action. True to their character as fallen angels, these philosophers are concerned principally with the human scene; having dropped on earth, they aspire to throw in their lot with those who people its surface and struggle for existence under harsh and precarious conditions. Hence their interest in the actual and the *actuel*—in the education of the young, in political liberty and justice, in economic equality and security, in the progress of technology, in the amelioration of society by scientific methods, in international peace and coöperation. These fallen angels, though decried by our traditional philosophers, are mankind's most ardent friends.

Of those who have fallen away from traditionalism in philosophy Mr. Dewey is, of course, the most eminent American representative. It is fitting, therefore, to indicate briefly the extent of his 'fall'. He himself has traced, in an autobiographical sketch bearing the significant title *From Absolutism to Experimentalism*,²⁷ the process which led him to a philosophy moving on a plane radically human yet essentially continuous with the sort of nature forming the subject-matter of scientific knowledge. The word "experimentalism" suggests, if a single word can do so, the complete reversal of traditional ideas sponsored by Dewey; it implies overt action in a world of continual flux and change rather than placid contemplation of fixed and unearthly being, aiming at security instead of certainty, and a security which is precarious because its limitations coincide with those of human intelligence and control. Between the experimental labor for controllable security and the traditional quest for empyrean certainty the contrast is so great that Dewey feels justified in distinguishing his doctrine by the name Kant had already appropriated (and, according to Dewey, misappropriated), namely, "the Copernican Revolution". Of this revolution his great book on *The Quest for Certainty* is the detailed analysis and defense. Without going over ground which I may here assume as familiar, I wish to raise but one pertinent question.

What I ask is this: When Dewey's "Copernican Revolution"

²⁷ *Contemporary American Philosophy*, Vol. II, pp. 13-27.

is taken literally as a radical reversal of traditional ideas, does it not signify the apotheosis of the 'human' point of view? To be sure, he asserts "that neither self nor world, neither soul nor nature (in the sense of something isolated and finished in its isolation) is the center, any more than either earth or sun is the absolute center of a single universal and necessary frame of reference";²⁸ but then he asserts other things not quite compatible with this. He says, for instance, that "nature as it exists at any particular time is a challenge";²⁹ if this is so, nature must be defined in relation to him capable of being challenged, namely, the human inquirer. He states also that "known objects exist as the consequences of directed operations";³⁰ if this is true, then known objects exist only if the operations are directed by those capable of directing them, namely, human agents. To frame philosophy on the experimental model is unavoidably to make central the human experimenter. Other animals presumably meet the challenges of nature in various operational ways, but not their weal or woe arouses Dewey's particular solicitude. Men's beliefs and men's values are his dominant themes. "The thing which concerns all of us *as human beings*", he says, "is precisely the greatest attainable security of values in concrete existence";³¹ philosophy must therefore be willing "to abandon its supposed task of knowing ultimate reality and to devote itself to a *proximate human office*";³² a philosophy which resigns "its guardianship of fixed realities, values, and ideals" will find a new meaning "*in terms of the great human uses to which it may be put*" in the search "for values to be secured by all, because buttressed in the foundations of *social life*".³³ Many eloquent passages might be culled from Dewey's text to support the view that the "Copernican Revolution" is inspired by the imperative need "for large and generous ideas" in the direction of human life.

Dewey's philosophy, prompted as it is by the noble passion to

²⁸ *The Quest for Certainty*, p. 291.

²⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 100.

³⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 200.

³¹ *Ibid.*, p. 35 (italics mine).

³² *Ibid.*, p. 47 (italics mine).

³³ *Ibid.*, p. 311 (italics mine).

relieve man's estate, merits in the truest sense the appellation of 'humanism', a name now sadly misused by a clan of literary critics whose jejune crusade against everything natural and humane betrays rather the inhuman frigidity and hardness of self-centered bookmen. His philosophy is free from the pedantry and narrowness of those who draw their chief inspiration from the catacombs of literature; his humanism must not be confused with that of irate academicians intent upon deprecating contemporary art and letters because, forsooth, they do not measure up to standards prevalent in former days. The attempt to graft upon one civilization the dead glories of another is essentially romantic and futile. Dewey's humanism, kindled by the dynamic issues of current life and imbued with the spirit of modern science, is emphatically not resurrectionism; it looks forward and not backward; it is prophetic of new values inherent in the genius of our own age, condemning as sterile the fatuous hankering after defunct cultures. Let the dead bury their dead. The humanism Dewey aims at is not a whited sepulchre. It is bent upon a creative and humane life under the ægis of scientific intelligence. His vital philosophy, if ever it became dominant, would indeed mean the triumph of that modernism for which the fallen angels in Anatole France's parable long and labor.

There are other philosophers, however, who look upon the world from the point of view of the wakeful or awakened Lucifer, and these do not think it necessary to make a drastic choice between traditionalism and humanism. Traditionalism represents a speculative propensity inexpugnable from the human mind, and humanism exemplifies concern for man's estate which only those ignore who are insensitive to avoidable suffering and curable maladjustments. It is possible to impugn traditionalism for its too ready acquiescence in particular speculative schemes, and humanism for its exclusive preoccupation with the fortunes of that animal species to which the humanist himself belongs. The thirst for speculation may be too great to be quenched by any prepotent *theoria*; and this inordinate passion which, because of its depth and range, can only halt at an ultimate surd, is not incompatible with a desire to ameliorate the human lot. On the contrary, the greater the surd which speculation arrives at, the

keener the effort to make more habitable the house in which human life is to be spent. Is it not possible to look out into interminable space and still cultivate one's garden? Of such an attitude the Lucifer depicted by Anatole France is the perfect exemplar; denying that the faithful angels are faithful to a real God, the Contradictor is in sympathy with the aim of the revolting angels to instruct mankind in a 'life of reason', warning them only not to deify such a life. Happily, there are some philosophers, even those classified by Dewey as traditional, to whom Lucifer would not be uncongenial.

It may seem impious to mention Spinoza and Lucifer in the same breath, but this is only because we are at the mercy of conventional judgments. There is indeed little affinity between the prince of darkness and the saintly rationalist. While Spinoza's saintliness may be taken for granted, his rationalism is far from unequivocal. When we emphasize his teaching of the "infinite attributes", his statement that the order of things is the same as the order of ideas can hardly be accepted as having the universal application which his orthodox interpreters assume it to have. It is relevant only to the relation between "Thought" and "Extension", the only two "Attributes" of "Substance" that we are supposed to know; of the parallelism between "Thought" and the attributes other than "Extension", which are infinite in number, we can obviously make no assertion, though substance be viewed "under the form of eternity"; since to assert their parallelism would involve knowing the *specific* nature of the infinite attributes, knowledge of which is restricted to their existence and does not include their essence. This is not the place to raise issues touching ultimate interpretations of Spinoza; it is permissible, however, to make central the "infinite attributes", and when one takes them seriously, his rationalism is certainly a limited one, confined as it is to but two aspects of the real. Beyond these are aspects not thinkable to us, and being unthinkable they cannot be called rational. It is thus not at all strange to look upon Spinoza's rationalism as embedded in a deeper irrationalism; first, because his substance is what exists in itself and what is understood *through* itself, which means that it cannot be understood *by* us, *we* not being substantial; and,

secondly, because substance contains infinities of different kinds impossible to fathom and hence impossible to render amenable to any exclusive *theoria*. The *substantial* background of the life of reason, as exemplified in science and morals, a life not less reasonable because only human, is just an absolute surd. Such a conclusion Spinoza's bold speculation surely forces upon us if we hold fast to his definition of substance and if we refuse to shed his infinite attributes. It is the bold speculation of Lucifer. Lucifer does not blaspheme God, but only the God of the faithful angels whose heterogeneous visions he suspects of myopia; Lucifer's God, too, is *infinite* substance. Hence the view that the usurpation of such substance by any system of thought becomes the source of illusion, and that in the recognition of its inexplicable nature lies true enlightenment and humility.

The connexion between Lucifer and Kant is more obvious. But we must think of the speculative and not exclusively of the 'critical' Kant. Of the speculative tendency in man Kant was certainly no enemy, as his Transcendental Dialectic abundantly shows; the "antinomies", however, present a formidable problem which he was too honest to juggle away. His recourse to the "thing-in-itself" as a solution of the antinomies was no such idle or easy escape as his dogmatic followers would have us believe. His "thing-in-itself", though unhappy in phraseology, is a speculative conception of the first water. Its cousinship with Spinoza's substance is extraordinarily striking. The independently real for Kant, as for Spinoza, is what exists "in itself", and, could it be known, would have to be understood "through itself". But since we cannot understand it "through" itself save as we grasp it "by" the endemic forms of cognition, forms cœval with man and hence sufficient only for human science and morals, ultimate being remains as the inexplicable surd which we try in vain to 'rationalize'. It is an illusion to believe that the ultimately real can be captured by the stereotyped assaults of human reason. Of this perennial illusion Kant's chapter on the antinomies is the twice-told tale; each speculative scheme consistent with itself is in contradiction with another equally self-consistent. It is a tale Kant has told perhaps too simply. But have we not in the actual record of metaphysical warfare the same story writ more

large? It hardly betokens great depth of reflexion to cling hotly and tenaciously to a single *theoria*, stigmatizing as false every other that disputes its claim; it seems far more speculative to recognize in conflicting systems honest but fallible efforts to sound the same unfathomable mystery, a mystery Spinoza called "substance" and Kant the "thing-in-itself". This is precisely the speculative insight of Lucifer. The transcendent, unpalatable alike to those in quest for certainty and those in search for security, is Lucifer's standard of criticism. In its name he rebukes the idolatry of the faithful angels and chastens the zeal of the demons in revolt.

Lucifer's critique of theoretical idolatry and practical zeal, based upon the idea of transcendence, is a theme essentially Hegelian. This theme is developed with inimitable genius in the *Phenomenology of Spirit*, a work antedating the *Logic* and markedly different from it. It is a book in which the great Contradictor is indeed the hero but not yet seated on the throne of God. Whereas the *Logic* represents the fulfillment of Satan's dream, the *Phenomenology* deals with a waking Lucifer, impersonated by Hegel himself, passing in review the attempts of different kinds of spirits or minds to record or guard or defy or reform the ultimate nature of things. Each attempt, though inevitable and plausible, issues in defeat, simply because "the truth is the whole"; the "whole" is too recondite and too complex to be caught in the net of any single theoretical construction or method of action. The spectacle depicted is one vast comedy of errors. It is a playground of the various illusions of perspective, the illusory nature of which the disillusioned Contradictor, or Hegel impersonating him, takes delight in disclosing and impugning. Unquestionably the truth is the whole transcending the partial and partisan conceptions embodied in the sundry systems of human thought and practice. And absolute knowledge, which the *Phenomenology* offers as a corrective of partiality and partisanship, would evidently be true knowledge of the whole. But in *what* consists the nature of the whole, and *who* is in possession of absolute knowledge? Might it not be maintained that the whole, in accordance with Spinoza's notion of substance, is the sum of infinities of different sorts,

unthinkable to men or to angels for lack of experience, and that therefore absolute knowledge must remain an ideal impossible to realize? There is nothing in the dialectical method of the *Phenomenology* to gainsay such a conclusion; on the contrary, the comic intent of that method, 'comic' because it is addressed to universal incongruities, cannot be suspended in favor of that presumptive synthesis which marks the climax of Hegel's book. Why is that synthesis to be conceived as final? Why is the dialectical method unable to proceed to a fresh antithesis? Why must the spirit of negativity give up its ghost in the end? Is it because absolute knowledge is nothing more than Hegel's peculiar vision of it? There is here an amazing incongruity between method and result. But Hegel, grasping and expressing the truth not as substance but as "subject", ignores all this and ends his superb treatise in a curious fashion. He puts his Lucifer to sleep and allows him to dream that the comedy of errors or the spectacle of illusions, taken together in dialectical concatenation, is the whole truth, and that the survey of this dialectical nightmare by the dreaming Lucifer constitutes absolute knowledge. And this mad dream then emerges in the *Logic* as the stuff the real universe is made of. A greater *tour de force* can hardly be imagined.

These are but random observations prompted by a somewhat heterodox study of three great masters of speculation. They may serve as a hint that the belief in ultimate transcendence (whether epitomized as "substance" possessing infinite attributes or as a "thing-in-itself" inducing varieties of metaphysical construction or as an "absolute totality" not coinciding with human perspectives) is not a confession of speculative bankruptcy or moral callousness. It is compatible with limitless curiosity and humane solicitude. Indeed, it is this belief, the belief that the inmost nature of the real is literally undiscoverable and that human life is but an episode, which quickens sympathy for differences in metaphysical visions and moral polity. Only, it must be understood *ab intra* and not *ab extra*; the curiosity of a Lucifer cannot be stayed by the complacent views of the real in which faithful angels find contentment, and his concern for mankind does not lead him to glorify, after the manner of the

angels in revolt, the life of human action. His rebellion is directed against those for whom the limits of speculation are tokens of the intrinsic nature of being; and human life in action is prized by him only because he sees it against a dark and alien background. The refusal to magnify humanity does not detract from its preciousness. The life of reason, though not coeval or coterminous with infinite being, may still be excellent within the limits of its uncertain origin and precarious destiny.

This, if I understand him aright, is the burden of Mr. Santayana's song; he long ago, in his poetic play called *Lucifer*, celebrated the hero of Anatole France's fable, in a manner less ironical but more profound. The subject of this, as of all his other poems, is his philosophy in the making, in which, as he says, "nature and spirit can play together like mother and child", nature "deeply unintelligible", and spirit, created by nature "she knew not how",³⁴ capable of fashioning a human world as a habitation for the life of reason.

My short *Tractatus de Angelis* (to purloin the title from Saint Thomas) must now be brought to a close. Have I taken the name of the angels in vain? I have not done so to deal lightly with high and serious themes. Philosophy is too grave for whimsicalities. But it is not ignominious to make use of one's imagination. An imaginative medium is often more effective than abstract analysis through which to convey an important idea. The myths of Plato are frequently more illuminating than his ambagious arguments. Descartes' deceiving demon and Alexander's contemplating angel are powerful aids to technical reflexion. If I have adapted to my own uses angelic beings, particularly those conceived by Anatole France, I have done so in order to condense into pregnant and relevant imagery the perennial office of philosophic speculation. The image of philosophers becoming as angels and winging their way to the inmost nature of the real is more than mythical; it typifies the actual flight of thought and discourse, which is human and biased, to the level of things as they are in themselves, to things not relative to a particular organ of experience or station of survey. "Our intellectual knowledge", says Saint Thomas,

³⁴ *The Realm of Essence*, p. xix.

"must be regulated by the knowledge of the angels."³⁵ In this utterance, anticipating by several centuries Alexander's defense of the "angelic method", lies the glory and the pathos of the philosophic enterprise. Philosophic knowledge, though ours, must be "regulated" by a knowledge not our own; philosophic speculation, originating in the bosom of mortal creatures, must somehow partake of the visions of supernal beings, beings that are free from the limitations and delusions characteristic of an earthly race. How is this tremendous paradox to be solved? Not by the fatal choice between the Scylla of the dogmatists and the Charybdis of the humanists, not by joining the cacophonous choir of the faithful or the ephemeral forces of the rebellious, but by sharing the avowal of Lucifer, which is the avowal of transcendence. In the recognition of the transcendent nature of things lies the desired synthesis of the human and the non-human; though such recognition is ours, it is recognition of what lies beyond our ken. While ours is the speculative assurance *that* there is a transcendent reality, human speculation, being human, labors in vain to ascertain *what* it is. *Of* this transcendent reality all the dogmatic or faithful records are but human and fallible responses *to* it, true merely *as* responses, if, and when, they are in conformity with the relative norms of human satisfaction and human consistency. To view them otherwise is to believe that philosophy has the magic power of turning men into angels. The wish to exchange our mortal eyes for those of angels, though unexceptionable, is literally made of the same stuff as dreams. To him whom a judgment like this should disconcert I could only say with Matthew Arnold, "Because thou must not dream, thou need'st not then despair".

J. LOEWENBERG

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

³⁵ *Contra Gentiles*, iii, 91, quoted by Joseph Rickaby in *Scholasticism*, p. 70.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL ASSOCIATION, 1930

FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF OFFICERS

TO THE MEMBERS:

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF COÖPERATION WITH THE SEVENTH INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF PHILOSOPHY

1. In May, 1929, President Cohen appointed the Executive Committee of the Sixth International Congress of Philosophy, 1926, to coöperate with the Seventh Congress, Oxford, 1930. As President Butler could no longer serve on the Committee, Professor Montague was elected Chairman. Professors Coss and Armstrong were appointed a subcommittee on the expenditure of the funds.

2. The English Organizing Committee requested the undersigned to form a small consultative committee on the nomination of delegates to Oxford. This was composed of Professors Adams, Cohen, Coss, Thilly and Armstrong, all members of the larger American committee. The two committees acted in coöperation, the smaller practically as a subcommittee of the larger.

3. The English Organizing Committee allotted us places on the program for nine delegates. In addition we nominated eight speakers for the Open Sections of the Congress. With notable courtesy, the English Committee accepted all these suggestions, although the program was overcrowded. There were also three speakers from the United States whose arrangements were made independently of your committee.

4. To enable them to be present at Oxford, travel-grants were made to three delegates, five other speakers, and three non-speakers.

5. As is shown by the report of the Treasurer of the Committee, Professor Coss, there remains a balance of \$411.47. In addition, there may be some small receipts from the further sale of the *Proceedings* of 1926. We propose that these funds be covered into the treasury of the Association, with the recommendation that they be used in connexion with our representation at the Eighth Congress, Prague, 1934.

For the Committee,

A. C. ARMSTRONG, *Honorary Secretary*

The Board of Officers voted the acceptance of the above proposal to apply the balance of \$411.47 to the American representation of the Eighth Congress.

TREASURER'S REPORT, COMMITTEE OF COÖPERATION WITH THE SEVENTH INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF PHILOSOPHY

Income

Balance of November 17, 1927.....	\$1,270.87	
(Audited and approved as balance remaining after the meeting of the Sixth International Congress at Harvard in 1926.)		
Receipts since that date from sale of <i>Proceedings</i>	1,051.47	
Interest on account.....	91.13	\$2,413.47

Expenditures:

Travel-grants for attendance upon Seventh International Congress to eleven persons (3 delegates, 5 non-delegate speakers, 3 non-speaking attendants).....	\$2,000.00	
Cost of foreign drafts.....	2.00	\$2,002.00
Balance—December 1, 1930.....		\$ 411.47

This is countersigned by Professor Charles W. Hendel, Jr., Professor Clarence I. Lewis, and Professor John H. Randall, Jr., who acted as Auditing Committee in the previous accounting.

JOHN J. COSS,

Treasurer of the Sixth International Congress of Philosophy

THE REVOLVING FUND FOR PUBLICATION

The financial statement appears below. The general editor of the Source Books in the History of the Sciences presents the following report:

During the past year arrangements have been completed for a *Source Book in Botany*, under the special editorship of Professor R. A. Harper of Columbia University, and negotiations have practically been completed for a *Source Book in Zoölogy*, although the present plan may need to be modified somewhat later. Professor Magie, who had agreed to undertake a *Source Book in Physics* before he went abroad in June 1929, is back in this country and already engaged in the production of the promised volume. A *Source Book in Chemistry* will also be developed by Professor Barry of Columbia University, when some immediately pressing matters are out of the way.

The sales of the two volumes already on the market, namely Shapley and Howarth's *Source Book in Astronomy* and Smith's *Source Book in Mathematics*, were approximately 1600 and 1800 respectively about the first of November, from which the royalties have amounted to about \$1400. These figures will undoubtedly be changed somewhat by the reports due December 31, 1930. Such a showing would seem to indicate that the series, as thus far completed, is meeting a real want,

which, it is hoped, will be equally good in the case of each of the succeeding volumes.

GREGORY D. WALCOTT, *General Editor*

CARUS LECTURES

A general meeting of the Association for the reception of the third series of the Paul Carus Foundation Lectures was held in connexion with the thirty-second Annual Meeting of the Western Division and the seventh Annual Meeting of the Pacific Division at the University of California, Berkeley, California, December 29-31, 1930. At that time Professor George H. Mead delivered three lectures under the general title of *The Philosophy of the Present*.

AMERICAN COUNCIL OF LEARNED SOCIETIES

At the twelfth meeting of the Council in New York, January 31-February 1, 1930, the Association was represented by its delegates, Professors Woodbridge and Hammond, and by the secretary. The Council has been conducting an investigation of the publication activities of the constituent societies. The sum of \$170,279.37 was appropriated for the expenses and activities for the year ending December 31, 1930. Thirty-four grants in aid of research were awarded, aggregating \$18,500. Fourteen research fellowships were awarded, aggregating approximately \$38,000. Applications for such grants and fellowships may be made to Dr. Donald Goodchild, American Council of Learned Societies, 907 Fifteenth St., Washington, D. C.

BOARD OF OFFICERS FOR 1931

W. Savery, *Chairman*.
G. W. Cunningham.
A. N. Whitehead.
H. D. Roelofs.
E. T. Mitchell.
F. S. C. Northrop.
C. W. Morris, *Secretary*.

Respectfully submitted,
Board of Officers for 1930.

M. C. Otto, *Chairman*

E. A. Singer

J. Loewenberg

Brand Blanshard

H. D. Roelofs

C. W. Morris, *Secretary*

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Board of Officers,
 American Philosophical Association,
 Dr. Chas. W. Morris, *Secretary*,
 Houston, Texas.

Gentlemen:

Complying with instructions received we have examined the records of the American Philosophical Association at Houston, Texas, for the period January 1, 1930 to December 31, 1930, and submit herewith the statements of cash receipts and disbursements of the General Treasury and the Revolving Fund for Publication.

We have verified the balances of cash on hand by personal examination of the depository records, have examined all cancelled checks and the authorizations for the disbursements. The cash receipts are in agreement with the remittance advises in the files of your secretary.

We certify that, based upon the records kept and examined, the following statements of cash receipts and disbursements of the General Treasury and the Revolving Fund for Publication of the American Philosophical Association are true and correct and represent the true cash position of the Association as at December 31, 1930.

Yours very truly,

REECE-EVANS AUDIT CO.

AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL ASSOCIATION

Cash Statement, General Treasury, for Year Ended December 31, 1930

Balance—January 1, 1930 (Received from H. G. Townsend, *Secretary*) . \$ 213.38

Receipts:

Dues of American Council of Learned Societies—

Eastern Division	\$ 15.40	
Western Division	7.01	
Pacific Division	2.59	\$ 25.00

For General Treasury—

Eastern Division	84.75	
Western Division	38.50	
Pacific Division	14.25	137.50

For Printing the Annual Report—

Eastern Division	106.15	
Western Division	48.23	
Pacific Division	17.85	172.23

Total 334.73

Total \$ 548.11

Disbursements:

Dues in American Council of Learned Societies.....	\$ 25.00
Printing the Annual Report.....	172.23
Stationery.....	11.75
General, Stamps, Typing, etc.....	15.50
Accounting Services.....	10.00
<i>Total</i>	234.48

Balance—December 31, 1930

(South Texas Commercial National Bank, Houston, Texas).....	\$ 313.63
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Cash Statement, Revolving Fund for Publication for Year Ended Dec. 31, 1930

Balance—January 1, 1930 (Received from H. G. Townsend, Secretary) .\$ 9,096.35

Receipts:

<i>Interest on Bank Deposits:</i>	
January 1, 1930 to June 30, 1930.....	\$129.72
June 30, 1930 to December 31, 1930.....	138.75 \$268.47
Royalties (McGraw-Hill Book Co.).....	891.50 1,159.97
<i>Total</i>	\$10,256.32

Disbursements:

McGraw-Hill Book Co.....	834.15
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Balance—December 31, 1930

(South Texas Commercial National Bank, Houston, Texas).....	\$ 9,422.17
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WESTERN DIVISION

President: G. WATTS CUNNINGHAM

Vice-President: G. P. CONGER

Secretary-Treasurer: C. W. MORRIS

Executive Committee: The foregoing officers and A. C. BENJAMIN, E. T. MITCHELL, and T. V. SMITH

The thirty-first annual meeting of the Western Division of the American Philosophical Association was held jointly with the Eastern Division at Columbia University, December 30–31, 1929.

The following papers by members of the Western Division appeared on the program:

The Paradox and Principle of Inference.....	D. F. SWENSON
The Method of Deduction.....	M. FARBER
The Place of Values in Economics.....	G. R. GEIGER
A Redefinition of the Individual.....	J. D. STOOPS

The Significance for Æsthetics of Recent Theories of Physics

	W. A. SHIMER
Value as Any Object of Any Interest	D. H. PARKER
Values as Any Object of Any Interest	CHARNER M. PERRY
Value as Any Object of Any Interest	H. H. DUBS
Finding a Place for Value	R. W. SELLARS
Plato's Theory of Ideas	G. A. TAWNEY
Meditation on a Hill (Presidential address)	M. C. OTTO

It was decided by vote that the qualifications for membership in the Western Division should be as follows: "Active membership in the Western Division of the American Philosophical Association shall be open to persons engaged in the teaching or study of Philosophy whose academic rank is above that of Assistant, or to persons who have received the doctorate in the field of Philosophy, or to such other persons as have, in the opinion of the Executive Committee, published contributions of substantial philosophical merit. Candidates for membership must be proposed by two members of the Association and recommended by the Executive Committee, before their names may be voted upon by the membership of the Western Division."

A motion was adopted to the effect that Secretaries of the Division should preserve the Minutes of the meetings in permanent form, and the present Secretary was empowered to do whatever possible in the securing of past records.

At a brief joint meeting of the two Divisions, a motion was adopted extending the heartiest congratulations to the Editors of the JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY for the first twenty-five years of the existence of this journal. A further motion expressed the thanks of the Association to Columbia University for its hospitality. In the meeting of the Western Division, a rising vote of thanks was tendered to Columbia University, to the Philosophy Department of Columbia University, and to the Eastern Division for the pleasures and success of the joint meeting.

The following financial report was approved as of December 31, 1929:

Receipts:

Balance brought forward	\$252.05
Dues	264.00
Interest79

Total\$516.84

Expenditures:

General treasury.....	\$ 92.57
Stationery.....	14.50
Stamps.....	14.00
Exchange.....	3.00
Dues remitted.....	2.00
Clerical assistance.....	15.10
<i>Total</i>	<u>\$141.17</u>
<i>Balance on hand</i>	<u>\$375.67</u>

The following officers were elected: *President*, G. WATTS CUNNINGHAM; *Vice-President*, G. P. CONGER; *Secretary-Treasurer*, C. W. MORRIS; *Executive Committee*, the foregoing *ex officio*, and E. T. MITCHELL, A. C. BENJAMIN, and T. V. SMITH.

The new members elected were as follows: R. J. BELLPERCH, CARL C. W. NICOL, MYRTON FRYE, PAUL E. JOHNSON, and CHARLES M. PERRY.

CHARLES W. MORRIS, *Secretary-Treasurer*

EASTERN DIVISION

President: A. N. WHITEHEAD

Vice-President: A. G. A. BALZ

Secretary-Treasurer: F. S. C. NORTROP

Executive Committee: C. W. HENDEL, JR. (1931), W. K. WRIGHT (1931), C. J. DUCASSE (1932), H. W. SCHNEIDER (1932), G. W. CUNNINGHAM (1933), S. P. LAMPRECHT (1933), E. A. SINGER, JR., *ex officio* for one year

The thirtieth annual meeting was held at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia, December 28-30, 1930. The following program was presented:

Symposium: Logic as a Tool of Philosophic Inquiry

On Behalf of Philosophical Logic.....RUPERT C. LODGE

On Behalf of Symbolic Logic.....HENRY BRADFORD SMITH

On Behalf of Experimental Logic.....SIDNEY HOOK

The Philosophy of Science

A Fundamental Difference between the Natural and Social Sciences

W. EDWIN VAN DE WALLE

A Defence of Causality.....WILLIAM PEPPERELL MONTAGUE

The Forms of Law Discoverable in a Changing World

PERCY HUGHES

Problems Inherited from Greece

- Aristotle's Definition of the Soul.....F. J. E. WOODBRIDGE
 The Problem of Individuality.....PHILIP M. KRETSCHMANN
 The Greek Genius and Race Mixture.....M. T. MCCLURE

Some Recent Contributions in Æsthetics

(Papers in appreciation and criticism of Ducasse's *Philosophy of Art*,
 Parkhurst's *Beauty*, and Prall's *Æsthetic Judgment*.)

- Some Errors in the Three Contributions.....DEWITT H. PARKER
 Do "Things Immeasurable Allow a Greater and Less"?

KATHERINE GILBERT

- Medusa; or the Future of Æsthetics.....THOMAS MUNRO
 Professor Ducasse on Expression and Beauty .LAURENCE BUERMAYER

Ethics and the Philosophy of Religion

- The Genuineness of Transitory Values.....R. H. DOTTERER
 Justice as a Democratic Postulate.....MARIE C. SWABEY
 The Religious Element in Dr. Dewey's Philosophy....H. H. HORNE
 The Interpretation of Religion and the Theology of Karl Barth

FRITZ MARTI

Problems of Logic

- Induction.....MORRIS R. COHEN
 The Logic of Analogies.....SCOTT M. BUCHANAN
 The Distinction between Connotative and Non-Connotative Terms

REGINALD JACKSON

- The Beginning of Epistemology.....PAUL WEISS
 Presidential Address: On a Possible Science of Religion

EDGAR A. SINGER, JR.

(Read in the President's absence by W. P. MONTAGUE)

The business meeting was called to order at 9:30 a.m., Tuesday,
 December 30th, ex-President COHEN in the chair. The minutes of
 the twenty-ninth annual meeting were approved as printed.

*Treasurer's Report**Receipts*

Balance brought forward.....	\$1,429.10
Membership dues.....	563.55
From Western Division toward Joint Meeting.....	28.54
Total	\$2,021.19

Expenditures

Dues to American Philosophical Association.....	\$ 84.75
Dues to Council of Learned Societies.....	15.40
Printing of Annual Report.....	106.15
Announcements, programs, stamped envelopes, etc.....	99.62
Stencils and mimeographing.....	35.40
Secretarial assistance.....	28.50
Exchange on Canadian cheques.....	1.50

Total\$ 371.32

Balance on hand\$1,649.87

Audited and found correct { H. H. PARKHURST
H. B. SMITH

The following recommendations of the Executive Committee were presented to the meeting and approved: (1) That the project of an Appointments Bureau for the registry of candidates and vacancies in the teaching of philosophy, referred to the Committee at the previous meeting, be laid on the table; and that members' attention be called to the fact that a bureau serving this purpose is already maintained by the American Association of University Professors. A motion to refer the matter to the Committee for further consideration was put and lost. (2) That a committee be appointed to inquire into the feasibility of continuing to date the bibliography of philosophical books and articles prepared by Dr. Rand. The committee named for the purpose consisted of Dr. Rand, Professor Woodbridge Riley, Professor C. J. Ducasse, and Professor H. W. Schneider. (3) That the Division should recommend, through the Association's representatives on the Council of Learned Societies, that the Council confer with the Union Académique Internationale as to the possibility of a glossary or dictionary of Latin, Greek, and Arabic philosophical terms.

The Nominating Committee (F. J. E. Woodbridge, Chairman, F. Thilly, and E. B. McGilvary) presented the following nominations, for which the secretary was instructed to cast a unanimous vote: For President, A. N. Whitehead; for Vice-President, A. G. A. Balz; for Secretary-Treasurer, F. S. C. Northrop; for new members of the Executive Committee, G. W. Cunningham, S. P. Lamprecht.

Memorial Resolutions. The following resolutions regarding members lost in the course of the year were ordered, by rising vote, to be spread upon the minutes of the Association:

Charles A. A. Bennett. The American Philosophical Association desires to record its deep sense of loss in the death of its Eastern Vice-President, Professor Charles Andrew Armstrong Bennett. Professor Bennett was born in Ireland on

June 15, 1885; received the B.A. degree from Oxford (Queen's College) in 1908; came to America in the following year; received the Ph.D. degree in 1913 from Yale, and remained with that university until his death. His most important published work is his *Philosophical Study of Mysticism*. This is to be followed by a book, now in press, containing his Lowell lectures, delivered last winter, and entitled *The Dilemma of Religious Knowledge*.

In his philosophy he was an idealist with reservations, a scholar who tended toward mysticism, yet with a sense of humor and a grasp on reality which compelled clarity of thought and presentation. His austere intellectual honesty gave to his work in the philosophy of religion great reality and force. To his colleagues he was endeared not so much by his brilliant scholarship as by his vivid personality, his keenness of wit, and his genius for friendship. That the larger part of his life was spent in a painful struggle for health makes his record of achievement all the greater and the memory of his personality even richer. (On motion of C. M. Bakewell.)

Mary Whiton Calkins. The Association is unable to recall without a profound sense of loss the passing, on February 26, 1930, of one who stood so high in its own counsels and in the eyes of philosophic students generally as Mary Whiton Calkins. She was the only woman who has filled the presidency of the American Philosophical Association, or who, rarer still, has combined it with the presidency of the American Psychological Association.

Miss Calkins came to Wellesley as a tutor in Greek in 1887, and exercised for forty years a leading influence upon the scholarship and administration of the college. She completed the requirements for the doctorate in philosophy at Harvard in 1895 before the rules of the University permitted of granting her the degree. However, she won the permanent friendship, esteem, and assistance in her work at Wellesley, of her teachers, Royce, James, Palmer, Sanford, and Münsterberg. She collaborated with Professor Sanford in producing a widely known study of the psychology of dreams, and with his assistance founded at Wellesley in 1892 one of the first American psychological laboratories. In 1909 she was given the doctorate in letters by Columbia, and in 1910 the degree of doctor of laws by Smith College. It was at Smith, her alma mater, under the tuition of Charles E. Garman and Harry Norman Gardiner, that she made her first acquaintance with that idealist system of thought of which she was to become so distinguished an exponent. In 1916 she taught at the University of California, and in 1927 delivered a series of lectures at Bedford College in the University of London. At the close of the academic year in 1929, she retired at her own request to a research professorship, while still in the full vigor of her powers as writer and teacher.

Of her many publications, four books have perhaps commanded the widest audience: *An Introduction to Psychology* (1901), *Persistent Problems of Philosophy* (1907), *A Text-Book in Psychology* (1909), and *The Good Man and the Good* (1918). These books are all marked by the qualities that gave distinction to her teaching, orderliness, lucidity, and firmness of intellectual grasp. She was a rigorous and exacting teacher who succeeded at the same time in drawing out, encouraging, and inducing to think for themselves, the students of many college generations.

The philosophers with whom she was in closest agreement were Hegel, Bradley, and Royce; and her vigorous advocacy of 'absolutistic personalism' has long played a stimulating and notable part in American philosophy. This Association shares with her college, her students, and the philosophic community in the sense of a deep and very peculiar loss. (On motion of Brand Blanshard.)

Theodore de Laguna. As fellow members of the American Philosophical Association, we wish to record our sorrow and sense of loss in the death of Professor de Laguna. We need to regret the passing of all life that is worthy and admirable, but in association with Professor de Laguna we felt the presence of a personality so individual and even unique that we cannot hope to see its like again. There was something more than stimulating, something stirring, in his keen and passionate intellectual ardor, his sharp and vehement critical attack, in rare combination with a gracious and modest recognition of the slightest evidence of intellectual capacity in others. In argument he could change suddenly with an amazing sincerity from earnest dissent to agreement, especially when he saw a chance to make more of the arguments that were being offered him. He enjoyed a freedom from dogmatism that was not only an intellectual conviction but was part of his whole sense of the terms on which we live the best life; his constant devotion was to freedom to follow whatever argument and to cherish whatever enthusiasm gave most promise of a high human reward. (On motion of Edna A. Shearer.)

Christine Ladd-Franklin. The death of Dr. Christine Ladd-Franklin in her eighty-third year deprived the world of a remarkable woman. The academic world in particular suffered by her death an unusual loss. Dr. Franklin's contributions to logic, psychology, and philosophy were numerous, original and important; and her influence upon the cause of learning, especially as it related to members of her own sex, highly significant. She had lived a long, active, and productive life, and although her death occurred at an advanced age, her powers were still undiminished. The American Philosophical Association, at whose former meetings her presence was a valuable addition and adornment, experiences and will continue to experience a very genuine deprivation. (On motion of Helen H. Parkhurst.)

Addison Webster Moore. Addison Webster Moore, after a brief illness subsequent to a long period of ill health, died in London on August 25, 1930. After graduating from De Pauw University and teaching history for a short time, he studied philosophy at Cornell in 1893-94 and then went to the University of Chicago as an assistant in philosophy in 1895. He became a full professor there in 1909, and remained a member of the department until his death. He was a visiting lecturer at Stanford University in 1911 and at Harvard in 1918. He was President of what was then known as the Western Philosophical Association in 1911, and of the then American Philosophical Association—now this Division—in 1917. He was the author of a monograph on *Existence, Meaning and Reality*, which was one of the early definitive expositions of Instrumentalism, and of *Pragmatism and Its Critics*, a series of essays in defence of Instrumentalism. He contributed to *Studies in Logical Theory and Creative Intelligence*, and wrote numerous other papers in interpretation of Instrumentalism. Coming into the Instrumentalist school, as he did, from a previous training in neo-Hegelianism, he always retained a keen appreciation of the life of the spirit, and his great concern, as is illustrated by his Presidential Address to this Division in 1917, was to keep values from becoming divorced from existence, and to make philosophy a constructive influence in the transitional period through which we are now passing. Primarily concerned with logic and metaphysics, he ever sought to make them instrumental and organic in human affairs.

As a teacher, Professor Moore was notably successful in provoking vigorous and fruitful discussion. A seminar with him was a delightful experience, ever after to be treasured in the memories of those who had participated. Whether the particu-

lar philosopher under consideration happened to be Plato or Bradley, Kant or Hegel, James or one of the new realists, Professor Moore made him a vital defender of real issues of entrancing interest. In contrast he brilliantly set forth and defended Professor Dewey's opposing standpoint. His classes thus learned to appreciate the fundamental differences between contemporary schools. Each pupil was encouraged to state and to defend his own opinions. Lively as discussions ever were, they were always free from rancor or intolerance, either on the part of the members of the seminar toward one another or toward the eminent philosophers whose books they criticized. A man of lovable personal qualities and of rare social gifts, Professor Moore developed the better natures of those who studied under him, and he inspired in them a devotion to scholarship in the service of mankind; for, as he believed, the mission of the philosopher is to illuminate the problems of men. (On motion of W. K. Wright.)

It was moved by F. J. E. Woodbridge, seconded and carried, that the Executive Committee prepare for presentation at the annual meetings a list of members lost by death in the course of the year, with such biographical or commemorative accompaniment as may be thought fit.

New Members. The following nominees were recommended by the Executive Committee and elected to membership. *Active Members:* John Bentley, Foster P. Boswell, Mary Lowell Coolidge, Charles K. Davenport, L. L. M. Dent, M. H. Fisch, Albert M. Frye, Walter H. Gould, Louise Holcomb, Reginald Jackson, T. T. Lafferty, Thomas Munro, Ernest Nagel, Milton C. Nahm, Orlie A. H. Pell, Paul A. Reynolds, C. G. Thompson, Harold H. Titus, W. Preston Warren. *Associate Members:* Clarence Athearn, J. Harold Bradley.

The Division expressed by formal vote its appreciation of the painstaking arrangements made by the department at the University of Virginia for the comfort and pleasure of its guests, and the generous hospitality extended the Association throughout the period of its stay.

BRAND BLANSHARD, *Secretary-Treasurer*

PACIFIC DIVISION

President: WILLIAM SAVERY

Vice-President: H. G. TOWNSEND

Secretary-Treasurer: H. D. ROELOFS

Executive Committee: The foregoing officers, J. LOEWENBERG *ex officio* for one year, H. W. STUART (1931), W. R. DENNES (1932), and R. T. FLEWELLING (1932)

The seventh annual meeting was held jointly with the Western Division and in connexion with a General Meeting of the American

Philosophical Association for the reception of the Third Series of Carus Lectures, at the University of California, Berkeley, December 29 to 31, 1930. The following program was presented:

The Nature of Knowledge and the Knowledge of Nature

	H. G. TOWNSEND
Belief.....	R. M. BLAKE
The Reality of the Imaginary.....	R. F. ALFRED HOERNLÉ
The Nature of Universals and Abstractions.....	D. C. WILLIAMS
On the Nature of Causality.....	E. T. MITCHELL
Mr. Lewis and the <i>a priori</i>	A. E. MURPHY
Process and Reality: Some Comments on Professor Whitehead's Metaphysics.....	W. M. URBAN
Is There a Case for Nominalism?.....	D. W. PRALL
The Linguistic Origins of Certain Philosophical Concepts	

E. H. LEWIS

Thought and Experience.....	HERMANN HAUSHEER
Philosophy Functioning in Life.....	E. D. STARBUCK
A Theory of Judgment and Geometry of Logic.....	R. B. WINN
Modality and Implication.....	A. P. UCHENKO
The Synoptic Theory of Truth: The Confluence of Diverse Theories	

WILLIAM SAVERY

The Presidential Address (Western Division): On the Second Copernican Revolution in Philosophy.....	G. WATTS CUNNINGHAM
The Presidential Address (Pacific Division): <i>De Angelis</i>	

J. LOEWENBERG

The business meeting was called to order at 9:45 a.m., Wednesday, December 31st, by President Loewenberg. The minutes of the 1929 meeting with an amended Treasurer's report were approved as read. The following report of the Treasurer was presented and approved:

Receipts:

Balance brought forward, 1 January 1930.....	\$134.14
Membership dues.....	58.00
Total.....	\$192.14

Expenditures:

Programs, 1929 meeting.....	\$ 8.30
Stenographic work.....	2.63
Dues of the Division to American Philosophical Association...	14.25
Dues of the Division in the A. C. L. S.....	2.55
Printing Annual Report.....	17.89

Announcement of Carus Lectures—stenographic work and postage.....	25.24
Expenses incidental to the 1930 meeting.....	18.55
Preparing and mailing programs for 1930 meeting and Carus Lectures.....	26.25
<i>Total</i>	<u>\$115.66</u>
<i>Balance on hand 31 Dec. 1930</i>	<u><u>\$ 76.48</u></u>

The Secretary presented the following report of the actions of the Executive Committee during the past year and the report was approved as read. The report:

With reference to the recommendation regarding transfers of membership made at the 1929 meeting: Since the constitution of the Association provides that each Division shall elect its own members, and since in practice transfers of membership have been satisfactorily and promptly dealt with individually, this recommendation was dropped.

With reference to the recommendation that an annual letter be printed and mailed to the members: Since funds for a single letter were available but not for a letter each year, this recommendation was allowed to drop. It was recommended to the Division that whenever any similar proposal was considered in the future, it should include provision for the funds necessary to carry it out.

Letters of thanks to the Executive Officers of the Huntington Library and the California Institute of Technology were sent as directed. (Copies are on file with the Secretary.)

The resignation of Mr. William S. A. Pott was received and accepted.

The following resolution was adopted by the Executive Committee on 22 March 1930, and copies were sent to the Editors of the JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY and of the PHILOSOPHICAL REVIEW:

Mary Whiton Calkins. The members of the Executive Committee of the Pacific Division of the American Philosophical Association wish to express on behalf of the Division and for themselves their grief over the loss American Philosophy has suffered through the untimely death of Mary Whiton Calkins. An erudite scholar, a skilful teacher, an incisive thinker, a noble woman, Miss Calkins served the cause of disinterested knowledge with genuine devotion. In criticism she was always patient and fair, of incomparable courtesy, willing to learn from the views of others, no matter how opposed to her own. Steadfast in her positive convictions, she presented the truth as she saw it, in writings as vigorous in method as they were forceful in style. To these intellectual gifts she united a capacity for friendship truly great. In California where she spent several seasons, her many friends mourn her death and treasure her memory.

On the recommendation of the Executive Committee the following persons were elected to active membership in the Division: R. B. Winn, H. L. Searles, Sven Nilson, E. D. Starbuck, D. C. Williams, A. R. Benham.

A motion was adopted calling for a report from the Executive Committee at the next meeting on the qualifications for membership in the Division with special reference to Associate Members, and certain applications for membership which had been presented to the Division without recommendation by the Executive Committee were referred back to the Committee for further consideration.

A resolution was unanimously adopted expressing the grateful appreciation of the Division to the Department of Philosophy of the University of California, and to the Officers of the Rockefeller International House, for the hospitality enjoyed through the meeting.

A resolution was unanimously adopted expressing the thanks of the Division and of its Secretary to Professor W. R. Dennes for his efficient work as Acting-Secretary-Treasurer.

The Executive Committee presented the following nominations for office in the Division for the year 1931: For President, William Savery; for Vice-President, H. G. Townsend; for new members of the Executive Committee, R. T. Flewelling (1932) and W. R. Dennes (1932).

The Secretary was directed by the Division to cast a unanimous ballot for the foregoing, and they were declared elected.

Invitations for the 1931 meeting were presented from Stanford University and from Pomona and Scripps Colleges. The matter was referred to the Executive Committee.

The Business Meeting then adjourned.

HOWARD DYKEMA ROELOFS, *Secretary-Treasurer*

LIST OF MEMBERS

Members should notify the secretary of their division promptly of any changes to be made in the list of names and addresses.

Adams, Professor George P., University of California, Berkeley, Calif.

Adler, Professor Felix, Columbia University, New York City.

Aikins, Professor H. Austin, Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.

Alexander, Professor H. B., Scripps College, Claremont, Calif.

Alles, Professor Adam, St. Johns College, Annapolis, Md.

Ames, Professor E. S., University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

Ames, Professor Van Meter, University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio.

- Anderson, Professor Frederick, Stanford University, Calif.
Anderson, Professor Fulton H., University of Toronto, Toronto, Canada.
Angier, Dr. R. P., Yale University, New Haven, Conn.
Apple, President Henry H., Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa.
Armstrong, Professor A. C., Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.
Avey, Professor Albert E., Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.
Ayres, Dr. Edith, 75 Barrow St., New York City.
Baillie, Professor John, Union Theological Seminary, New York City.
Bakewell, Professor C. M., Yale University, New Haven, Conn.
Baldwin, Dr. J. M., c/o Harris, Forbes and Co., New York City.
Balz, Professor Albert, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Barrett, Professor Clifford L., University of California, Los Angeles, Calif.
Baylis, Dr. Charles A., Brown University, Providence, R. I.
Becker, Professor Frank C., Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.
Bellperch, Professor R. J., St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Benham, A. R., University of Washington, Seattle, Wash.
Benjamin, Professor A. C., University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill.
Bennion, Professor Milton, University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Bentley, Professor John, American University, Washington, D. C.
Bernstein, Professor B. H., University of California, Berkeley, Calif.
Bewkes, Mr. E. G., Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y.
Birch, Professor J. Bruce, Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio.
Bixler, Professor Julius S., Smith College, Northampton, Mass.
Black, Dr. G. A., 156 Park Street, Gardner, Mass.
Blake, Professor R. M., Brown University, Providence, R. I.
Blanshard, Professor Brand, Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.
Blanshard, Mrs. Frances B., Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.
Blote, Dr. Hal C., Pacific Grove, Calif.
Boas, Professor George, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.
Bode, Professor B. H., Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.
Bogoslovsky, Dr. Boris B., 407 Central Park West, New York City.
Boodin, Professor J. E., University of California, Los Angeles, Calif.
Boswell, Professor Foster P., Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y.
Boughton, Professor Fred G., Denison University, Granville, Ohio.
Boynton, Professor Richard W., University of Buffalo, Buffalo, N. Y.
Bradshaw, Professor M. J., Bangor Theological Seminary, Bangor, Maine.
Brandt, Professor Francis B., 4337 Larchwood Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

- Brett, Professor J. S., Toronto University, Toronto, Canada.
Brightman, Professor Edgar S., Box 35, Newton Center, Mass.
Brinton, Professor Howard, Mills College, Calif.
Britan, Professor Halbert H., Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.
Brogan, Professor A. P., University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
Brotherston, Professor Bruce W., St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y.
Brown, Professor A. E., University of Washington, Seattle, Wash.
Brown, Professor George, Amherst College, Amherst, Mass.
Brown, Professor H. C., Stanford University, Calif.
Brown, Miss Sarah, Wells College, Aurora, N. Y.
Brown, Professor William Adams, Union Theological Seminary, New York City.
Bryan, President W. L., Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.
Bryson, Mr. Lyman, 4291 Hermosa Way, San Diego, Calif.
Buchanan, Professor Scott M., University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Buckham, Professor John Wright, Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, Calif.
Buermeyer, Dr. Lawrence, New York University, New York City.
Burnham, Mr. James, Washington Square College, New York University, New York City.
Burt, Professor E. A., University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.
Bush, Professor Wendell T., Columbia University, New York City.
Bussey, Professor Gertrude C., Goucher College, Baltimore, Md.
Butler, President N. M., Columbia University, New York City.
Butt, Professor S. McClellan, Smith College, Northampton, Mass.
Caldwell, Professor M. A., University of Louisville, Louisville, Kentucky.
Calhoun, Dr. Robert L., Yale University, New Haven, Conn.
Campbell, Professor H. G., Morningside College, Sioux City, Iowa.
Campbell, Professor Ivy G., Wells College, Aurora, N. Y.
Carmichael, Professor R. D., University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill.
Carr, Professor H. Wildon, University of Southern California, Los Angeles, Calif.
Case, Professor Mary S., Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.
Cattell, Dr. J. McKeen, Garrison-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Chambers, Professor Lawson P., Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
Chandler, Professor Albert R., Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.
Chanter, Professor William G., Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

- Chao, Dr. Yuen Ren, Tsing Hua College, Peking, China.
Chatterji, Mr. J. C., International School of Vedic Research, Times Building, New York City.
Chidsey, Professor Harold, Lafayette College, Easton, Pa.
Christ, Dr. Paul S., Liberty High School, Bethlehem, Pa.
Clark, Professor Mary E., Smith College, Northampton, Mass.
Clarke, Dr. Francis P., University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
Cohen, Mr. Felix S., New York University, New York City.
Cohen, Professor Joseph W., University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo.
Cohen, Professor Morris R., College of the City of New York, New York City.
Conger, Professor George, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.
Coolidge, Professor Mary Lowell, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Cory, Professor C. E., Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
Cory, Professor H. E., University of Washington, Seattle, Wash.
Coss, Professor John J., Columbia University, New York City.
Costello, Professor H. T., Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.
Cowling, President D. J., Carleton College, Northfield, Minn.
Cox, Dr. George Clarke, 40 Wall St., New York City.
Crago, Professor A., Peru State College, Peru, Nebraska.
Craig, Dr. Wallace, P. O. Box 554, Brookline, Mass.
Crane, Professor Ester, Goucher College, Baltimore, Md.
Crawford, Professor J. F., Beloit College, Beloit, Wis.
Crawford, Professor Lucy S., Sweet Briar College, Sweet Briar, Va.
Cresswell, Professor John R., University of West Virginia, Morgantown, W. Va.
Crooks, Professor Ezra B., Delaware University, Newark, Del.
Crowley, Professor W. A., University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Cunningham, Professor G. Watts, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
Curtis, Professor M. M., Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.
Cutler, Professor Anna A., 60 Wall St., New Haven, Conn.
Daniels, Dean Arthur H., University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill.
Davenport, Professor Charles K., University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Davies, Professor A. E., Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colo.
Dearborn, Dr. G. V. N., U. S. Veterans' Hospital, Number 81, New York City.
DeBoer, Professor C., University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
Deglman, Professor G. A., Rockhurst College, Kansas City, Mo.
DeLargy, Dr. P. L., University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill.

- Demos, Dr. Raphael, Emerson Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.
- Denison, Professor Robert S., Pomona College, Claremont, Calif.
- Dennes, Professor W. R., University of California, Berkeley, Calif.
- Dent, Professor L. L. M., University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
- Dewey, Professor John, Columbia University, New York City.
- Dickinson, Professor F. W., University of Denver, Denver, Colo.
- Diehl, Professor Frank, Hanover College, Hanover, Indiana.
- Dodd, Mrs. Edwin M., Jr., 999 Memorial Drive, Cambridge, Mass.
- Dodge, Professor Raymond, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.
- Dodson, Rev. G. R., Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
- Dolson, Dr. Grace N., St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, 407 West 34th St., New York City.
- Dotterer, Professor Ray H., Pennsylvania State College, State College, Pa.
- Doxsee, Professor Carl W., Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Drake, Professor Durant, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
- Dubs, Professor Homer H., Marshall College, Huntington, W. Va.
- Ducasse, Professor C. J., Brown University, Providence, R. I.
- Dunham, Dr. James H., The Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Duvall, Professor R. G., Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio.
- Dykhuizen, Professor George, University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
- Eames, Professor H. P., Scripps College, Claremont, Calif.
- Eaton, Professor Howard O., University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.
- Eaton, Professor R. M., Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.
- Eckardt, Professor L. R., Depauw University, Greencastle, Ind.
- Elkus, Dr. Savilla A., 434 W. 120th Street, New York City.
- Emery, Professor Stephen A., University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.
- Ericksen, Professor E. E., University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- Evans, Professor D. Luther, College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio.
- Everett, Professor Walter G., Brown University, Providence, R. I.
- Ewer, Professor B. C., Pomona College, Claremont, Calif.
- Farber, Professor Marvin, University of Buffalo, Buffalo, N. Y.
- Faris, Professor Ellsworth, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.
- Farley, Professor J. H., Lawrence College, Appleton, Wis.
- Ferm, Professor Vergilius, College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio.
- Fisch, Professor M. H., Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.
- Fisher, Dr. D. Warren, New Canaan, Conn.
- Fite, Professor Warner, Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.

- Fletcher, Professor O. O., 1028 St. John's Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Flewelling, Professor Ralph T., University of Southern California,
Los Angeles, Calif.
Friess, Professor Horace L., Columbia University, New York City.
Frye, Dr. Albert M., Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.
Frye, Dr. Myrton, Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio.
Fuller, Professor B. A. G., University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Gabbert, Professor M. P., University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Gamble, Professor Eleanor A., Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.
Gammertsfelder, Professor W. S., Ohio University, Athens, Ohio.
Garnett, Professor A. C., Butler University, Indianapolis, Indiana.
Geiger, Professor G. R., Bradley Polytechnic Institute, Peoria, Ill.
Geiger, Professor Joseph R., William and Mary College, Williamsburg,
Va.
Geyer, Professor Denton L., 5725 Kimbark Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Gifford, Professor A. R., University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
Gilbert, Dr. Katherine E., Duke University, Durham, N. C.
Gillet, Professor A. L., Hartford Theological Seminary, Hartford,
Conn.
Given, Dr. P. L., 357 Lincoln Ave., Orange, N. J.
Givler, Professor Robert C., Tufts College, Mass.
Gotshalk, Professor D. W., University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill.
Gould, Professor Walter H., Norwich University, Northfield, Vt.
Green, Mrs. Lois Shepherd, 805 West Green Street, Urbana, Ill.
Greene, Professor Theodore M., Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.
Guthrie, Professor E. R., University of Washington, Seattle, Wash.
Guthrie, Rev. Kenneth S., 1177 Warburton Ave., North Yonkers, N. Y.
Hack, Professor R. K., University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Hammond, Professor W. A., Cosmos Club, Washington, D. C.
Harkness, Professor Georgia E., Elmira College, Elmira, N. Y.
Harris, Professor Marjorie S., Randolph-Macon Woman's College,
Lynchburg, Va.
Hartman, Professor Henry G., University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati,
Ohio.
Hartshorne, Professor Charles, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.
Hausheer, Hermann, College of Puget Sound, Tacoma, Washington.
Hawes, Professor R. P., Goucher College, Baltimore, Md.
Headley, Professor L. A., Carleton College, Northfield, Minn.
Heath, Professor Louise R., Hood College, Frederick, Md.
Hendel, Professor Charles W., McGill University, Montreal, Canada.
Henderson, Professor Ernest N., Adelphi College, Brooklyn, N. Y.

- Henke, Professor Frederick G., Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa.
Hibben, President J. G., Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.
Hildebrand, Professor Carroll DeWitt, DePauw University, Greencastle, Ind.
Hill, Dr. A. Ross, 717 Pioneer Trust Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.
Hinman, Professor E. L., University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Nebr.
Hitchcock, Dr. Clara M., 1923 East 71st Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
Hite, Professor L. F., New Church Theological School, Cambridge, Mass.
Hocking, Professor W. E., Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.
Holcomb, Professor Louise, Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pa.
Hollands, Professor E. H., University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas.
Holmes, Professor Jesse H., Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.
Holtzclaw, Professor B. C., Richmond University, Richmond, Va.
Hook, Professor Sidney, Washington Square College, New York City.
Horne, Professor H. H., New York University, New York City.
Horton, Professor W. M., Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio.
Hoskyn, Dr. Fred P., Yale University, New Haven, Conn.
Houf, Professor H. T., Ohio University, Athens, Ohio.
Howes, Dr. Ethel P., Smith College, Northampton, Mass.
Hudson, Professor J. W., University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.
Hughes, Professor Percy, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.
Husik, Professor Isaac, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
Hutcheon, Professor R. J., 5659 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Iredell, Professor Francis Raymond, Pomona College, Claremont, Calif.
Jackson, Professor Reginald, Queens University, Kingston, Ont., Can.
Jefferson, Mr. Howard B., Colgate University, Hamilton, New York.
Johnson, Professor George, Lincoln University, Pa.
Johnson, Professor Paul E., Hamline University, St. Paul, Minn.
Johnson, Professor R. B. C., Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.
Jones, Professor A. H., University of Rochester, Rochester, N. Y.
Jones, Professor A. L., Columbia University, New York City.
Jones, Professor Rufus M., Haverford College, Haverford, Pa.
Jordan, Professor E., Butler University, Indianapolis, Ind.
Jordan, Mr. Philip D., Long Island University, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Joshi, Professor S. L., Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.
Kallen, Professor Horace, 465 West 23d St., New York City.
Kantor, Professor J. Robert, Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.
Kellogg, Professor Edwin H., Skidmore College, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

- Kelly, Professor Thomas R., Earlham College, Richmond, Ind.
Kemmerer, Mrs. Mable C., State Laboratory, Old Capital, Jackson, Miss.
Kennedy, Professor Gail, Amherst College, Amherst, Mass.
Keyser, Professor Cassius J., Columbia University, New York City.
Kirn, Dean G. J., North Central College, Naperville, Ill.
Knight, Edward C., Principia Junior College, 5539 Page Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.
Knudson, Professor Albert C., 72 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Mass.
Kretschmann, Mr. Philip M., Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.
Kroencke, Dean Fred. W., Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana.
Kruse, Professor Cornelius F., Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.
Lafferty, Dr. T. T., Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.
de Laguna, Professor Grace A., Bryn Mawr College, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
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